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Notes of the Week

THE lesson which we have strongly and consistently enforced in these columns, as to the necessity for national preparation and organisation in military affairs, was strongly emphasised in a lecture by Mr. Seabury Ashmead-Bartlett at East Molesey on Tuesday evening last. Treating upon the subject of his recent experiences in Eastern Europe as special correspondent for a London paper, he showed how useless it was for the Turkish regiments, undrilled, uninstructed in the science of war, badly fed, and without any method or careful arrangement in the commissariat department, to hope to contend successfully against a well-equipped enemy. The retreats of the Turkish army were more impressive than the advance, and sad in the extreme, but the results, to one who saw the inadequacy of the outfits and the lack of generalship, were easy to predict. It is to be hoped that in this country, where so much indifference prevails on the subject of home defence, the moral of this downfall of a much-maligned nation may be taken to heart. Englishmen are slow to awaken, but, once roused, they are energetic and tenacious.

A Bill for the licensing of journalists—which has been drafted by Lieut.-Governor O'Hara, of Illinois, U.S.A.—might be of some use if it were directed against the "puff" masquerading as an article or the

pathetic stories of "special" correspondents which have scarcely any basis in fact; but in its suggested form we fear it can only cause amusement. That reporters, sub-editors, editorial writers, and musical and dramatic critics should have to take out a licence before exercising their talents, savours of light opera. We suppose that every contributor to the Press—judging by recent legislative efforts in this country—will have to provide himself or herself with a card, a label, and a certain number of stamps; one stamp to be affixed triumphantly every time an article is accepted. Editors, of course, having so much spare time on their hands, would welcome this innovation; but as yet we do not quite see the dramatic critics meekly presenting their credentials at the box office to be initialled and bell-punched by the manager before admission to each performance. There are other more urgent matters, it seems to us, to which legislators who desire fame might turn their attention.

A gentleman who must surely be a confirmed misogynist has written to one of our weekly contemporaries a diatribe on "Disfiguring Dress" which ought to bring a chorus of disapproval. The modern woman, he says, makes of herself "a gawky, awkward model of a thing, cramped and angular"; her hats are "a meaningless explosion of straw and plumes"; her "pinched skirt" gives "terrible revelations of flat, splay feet" which are "terribly familiar." The veil is the one item of present fashions which pleases this terribly adjectival person, for he "can well imagine that woman is glad to cover her eyes as she paddles her distorted shape along the streets." Are women, he asks, "really unconscious of their unsightliness and of the disgust the sight of them inspires in male minds?" We can answer him—happily they are, for the sufficient reason that the unsightliness does not exist when a woman is well and fashionably dressed, and disgust at that charming sight can only be felt by morbid individuals whose souls are as "cramped and angular" as their imagination, and whose opinions are totally negligible. The dear man gives his case away hopelessly in his last pathetic words: "I used to admire women so much, once"!

We note with satisfaction that the police have at last taken effective measures in dealing with the misdirected and half-crazy women whose central offices affront the eyes of decent and law-abiding citizens in the Kingsway. At the moment of going to press the authorities are engaged in the unedifying task of looking through a large amount of rubbish—some of it dangerous, most of it futile—in the way of letters and papers which have accumulated in the rooms of the W.S.P.U.—a process which will doubtless entail a heavy load for the dustman. The step should have been taken many weeks ago, and we can only hope that it will be followed by measures to prevent the stupid plotting which the public at first laughed at, then frowned at, and finally resented in no uncertain manner.

Comrades

TO V. L. E.

IN the world's wilderness we sang apart
 Unknowing that the other sang at all;
 Moved by the passion hid within each heart
 Yearning for utterance at the spirit's call.
 For some must sing whatever may befall:
 Though scant men's heed, or payment in the mart;
 Though held by circumstance in lifelong thrall,
 And reaping little in the realms of Art.

Now we have met with grasp of hand in hand,
 As comrades in the company of the quire
 Whose songs through all the ages hearts inspire
 With courage, comfort, hope, in every land;
 Content where Shakespeare heads the noble band
 If one brief lay survive a lowlier lyre.

C. M. PAINE.

The Four O'clock Boat

WHEN, from a harbour or a seaside town in England, a little paddle-steamer starts on a trip of an hour or so—as it might be from Southampton to Cowes—the public takes but slight interest in her departure. A few idlers may contemplate her decks gravely; a couple of handkerchiefs may be waved if children are among the passengers; there are some gruff orders from the captain, the gangway bumps ashore, and the boat is off. It is all very trim and proper and business-like—and unromantic.

Sauntering along the quay-side at Honfleur one afternoon, we were moved to make comparisons. The small *paquebot* from Havre was due—she neared the end of the jetty and whistled several times in a playful manner to call the attention of the populace to her successful arrival. The populace responded enthusiastically. People who had been sitting at cafés hastened across to lean over the warm stone wall; stout tradesmen from neighbouring shops came to assist at the ceremonial of landing; a stolid official person suddenly showed signs of life, and prepared to inspect the packages of the various passengers; and those who intended to journey to Havre on her return trip in half an hour began to gather on the quay, accompanied by all the available members of their families. By the time the boat had swung cleverly round and pulled up opposite the old weather-beaten tower, the crowd trailed in the sun for the whole length of the low wall at the edge.

Twice a day in winter, three or four times a day in summer, this occurs, and there is as much bustle as though a liner were leaving for unknown lands. An average of five persons came to wish each passenger *bon voyage*. Grandfather, with his apron tucked up—judging by appearances, he was a carpenter—and grandmother, with an arm linked in his, began shouting lengthy farewells for at least ten minutes before

the advertised time of departure to the mother and little girl who chattered and called back from the deck. Everybody waved hands to everybody else, and, as everybody talked at once at a rate that would shame a Socialist orator, probably nobody heard what was said; but that didn't matter in the least; the important thing was to wave and shout messages, for the boat was about to start—one would have thought for Calcutta or Singapore. Already a sailor had energetically clanged a big bell in the endeavour to drown the vocal throng—a bell that must have echoed throughout the innermost recesses of Honfleur; and the captain stood by the engine-room signal, smiling largely. He jerked the whistle; the crowd redoubled its efforts. The little girl was held up at arm's length to wave good-bye; the paddle-wheels churned the still water into sparkling foam, and the steamer was off; but across the widening gap still resounded the buzz of intercourse. Grandfather ran along the jetty, keeping up with us, despite his years, his rotundity, and his flopping apron; grandmother scampered after him, breathless indeed both, but able to convey by joyous motions their appreciation of the fact that the little girl, perched on a seat, was blowing innumerable kisses to them; and long after we had passed the end of the pier their two figures could still be distinguished among the clustered good folk of Honfleur, gazing and signalling and firmly believing that every word they said could be clearly heard on board.

The event of the afternoon was over; the crowd would straggle back, some members of it to their work, others to their coffee and *sirops*, others to lean on the wall again and give themselves up to the fascination of the twinkling water; Honfleur would dream once more in the sunshine as it has dreamed for hundreds of years, while the little steamer became a dwindling speck on the broad estuary of the Seine.

And the passengers on this little steamer—did they sit silently opposite each other, or pull newspapers from their pockets and shelter themselves with the printed page from the witchery of the sea and the magical afternoon light? Not one of them was so foolish. Those on the lower deck produced, many of them, bread in various shapes—rings, truncheons, crescents of bread—and began impromptu picnics with their friends or even with stray acquaintances; various meats and bottles of wine appeared from baskets and bags, and the tide of conversation ran high. They missed nothing; they stood up to gaze at a passing vessel; they greeted the captain of a fishing-boat that rocked idly on the swell with flapping sail; they were keenly interested in the fate of paper thrown overboard; they peered into the engine-room and exchanged amicable repartees with the sailors. On the promenade deck square-bearded papas and tightly-gowned mammas behaved with less exuberance, perhaps, but with no lack of enjoyment. And, on the whole, it seemed to us not a bad thing to allow the play of emotion and merriment on so trivial an occasion; it makes, at any rate, for happiness and cheerful faces, and leaves no sense of shame.

W. L. R.

Chinese Porcelain and Art—III

BY F. BENNETT-GOLDNEY, M.P.

IN Chinese ceramic art it is seldom indeed that the rule of which I have spoken is neglected. A teacup, striking for its beauty when in the hand, is almost always not less striking when seen in a cabinet half across a room. There are several ways of securing this effect, one of the most usual being to leave panels or reserves of white upon a ground of colour bright enough or dark enough to produce a pleasant contrast at a distance, and to fill these reserves with designs minutely wrought so as to satisfy the eye on closer inspection. Perhaps, however, the most artistic scheme of decoration of all is one in which a beautiful effect at a distance is produced by covering the whole visible surface of the porcelain with a single design in light colour or white upon a ground of some beautiful self-colour or black, the design itself being such as only reveals its minor perfections on a nearer scrutiny. Masterpieces of the kind are necessarily rare both in East and West, for their production demands the highest decorative genius.

Such are a few of the bye-laws of ceramic art in China, and so long as they are restricted to the arts of pottery and pottery decoration they are universally valid. Considering how predominant an influence has been exercised by porcelain upon Chinese art for so many ages, during which the material has invested with its own imperishable nature the arts devoted to the decoration of its surface, there is little reason to wonder that the Chinese artist should base his ideas of art in general upon the ceramic art in particular. Where the Chinaman goes astray is not in art, but in the science of art which classifies the various subordinate arts, and endeavours to ascertain the principles upon which it is founded and may be practised with the surest prospect of success. It is in relation to this science of art that art-education in the West leaves most to be desired. We see the mote in John Chinaman's eye, but are for the most part complacently unconscious of the beam in our own. This science at the present time is in a rudimentary stage, and the lives and labours of many specialists in art will be needed before it can take its rightful rank among its sister-sciences. In the meanwhile, we can hardly be wrong in choosing for our teachers the master-works of master-artists in the special art which we desire to study. In ceramic decoration the Chinese and Japanese masters stand by common consent pre-eminent. It is only by a study of their works that we can acquire a knowledge of the principles upon which they worked, and thus find a trusty guide to tell us where others have gone astray, and to point out the true path of future progress in a variety of new directions as yet unexplored by the decorative designers of the West.

Now, the masterpieces of Chinese porcelain, by the consensus not only of connoisseurs in East and West, but of all capable of being pleasurably affected or the

reverse by any works of art, are allowed to be perfect of their kind, perfect in material, perfect in manipulation and manufacture, perfect in artistic and decorative effect. Have we learnt the lessons that these masterpieces teach? It is quite true that of late years, and notably since the treasures of the Summer Palaces have found their way into European collections, public and private, a marked and most welcome change has made itself apparent in public taste as regards Oriental porcelain. Partly, no doubt, this has been due to the startling leap forward, moral, intellectual, and political, which has brought Japan to England's side as one of the pioneer Powers of the world in the civilisation yet to be. Partly, also, it is due to the gradual growth in England of a wholesome conviction that decoration is the main object of all decorative arts, a truism so obvious as to have been very generally ignored alike by critics and the public for the greater part of the last century. Besides these causes, however, which have brought about a more favourable popular appreciation of the decorative arts in the Far East generally, much special study has been devoted to the subject of Chinese porcelain in particular, both from a technical and artistic point of view. It is now far easier than it was even in the first years of the present century to acquire some practical knowledge both of art in China as a whole and of Chinese ceramics in detail.

Theoretically, it is well to remember in this connection that the great principles of art have been formulated and accepted in China during immemorial generations, and among them are more than one or two which the present has yet to learn. As early as the fourth century Ku-Kái-chih, an artist of note, some of whose works, painted upon silk, are preserved in the British Museum, defined the aim of painting to be "to note the flight of the wild swan," a somewhat cryptic utterance upon which much comment were possible; yet, substantially, it embodies a doctrine enunciated by one—and practised by more than one—of our own greatest imaginative artists. When William Blake, who, like Ku-Kái-chih, was poet no less than painter, insists upon the necessity of the artist learning Nature by heart and remembering what he learns by observation, continually making studies and sketches, not as pictures in themselves, but as aids to memory and imagination, he comes very close to the earlier teaching of the Chinese master. On the other hand, when we see the almost total abnegation of realism in so immense a proportion of Chinese pictorial art combined with such extraordinary artistic faculty and power, it is clear that more than a thousand years before the days of Blake the principles he enunciates must have been familiar to his Oriental predecessors who so systematically adopted and acted upon them. Master after master, school after school, the artists of the Middle Kingdom carry out Blake's dictum:

We are led to believe a lie

When we see *with*, not *through*, the eye.

Or, again, "Why are copies of Nature incorrect, while copies of the imagination are correct? No man of

sense ever supposes that copying of Nature is the art of painting. If the art is no more than this it is no better than any other manual labour, and the fool often will do it best, as it is the work of no mind." Ku-Kái-chih, doubtless, would have endorsed these views; but doubtless, also, he would have regarded them as too elementary to discuss. He speaks to artists who have learnt this first lesson when he bids them keep ever before their mind's eye the most beautiful movements of the most beautiful of birds. The thought would have delighted Blake as greatly as Blake's Behemoth and Leviathan in the illustrations to the Book of Job would have delighted Ku-Kái-chih.

A little later, towards the end of the fifth century, the celebrated six canons of Chinese art were formulated by Hsich Ho, a painter and critic under the Southern Ch'i dynasty. The first of these is virtually identical with Ku-Kái-chih's axiom, although differently expressed. In the words of the Japanese critic, Kakasu Okakura, it is: "The Life-Movement of the Spirit through the Rhythm of Things." The second, according to the same authority, is "The Law of Bones and Brushwork"—in other words, structural anatomy, and how to indicate it. The third is "Truth to Nature"—i.e., in the sense in which Blake uses the words. The fourth is "Harmony of Colour"; the fifth, "Breadth and Synthetic Unity"; and the sixth, "Finish." It would be difficult to state the true principles of imaginative pictorial art with more subtle and logical accuracy. They are the very principles upon which Michaelangelo painted the ceiling of the Sistine, or Burne-Jones the series of the Briar Rose.

It is fourteen hundred years since these canons were formulated in China. As they are obviously deductions from practice, confirmed by study and experience, not the mere *a priori* conclusions evolved from the inner consciousness of an individual critic or syndicate of critics, it is clear that the practice of them must have preceded their formal codification by a period of indefinitely long duration. Their antiquity, indeed, is in itself a phenomenon elsewhere unparalleled. That they should have been recognised as valid by Chinese artists and lovers of art throughout this immeasurable lapse of ages is even more amazing. But the crowning marvel, surely, is that in East and West alike they should be found to be essentially and indefeasibly true as applied to pictorial art of an imaginative and decorative character. Art in China, as elsewhere, has passed through many phases of rise and development, of decadence and deterioration, of renaissance and renewed activity, of stagnation and reiterated decline.

For the most part, the symbolisms and conventions that figure on Chinese porcelain are as instructive as they are delightful to decipher. Many of them are the common property of art the world over, and many more only require a slight adjustment in order to bring them into line with those already familiar in the West. We know, for instance, the national significance in these islands of the rose, the thistle, the shamrock, and even the discarded leek, and naturally expect to find that other geographical areas have their vegetable repre-

sentatives in other parts of the globe. We know that the British oak has meanings disconnected with botanical classification, and embodies in a single emblem the somewhat incongruous bouquet composed of the four local insignia and a good deal besides. The rose, again, has an extensive collection of other allusions either peculiar, like the Tudor variety, or universal, like those attached to it in other lands—youth, beauty, love, and a choice variety of other agreeable and poetic personifications; every colour of it—white, red, or yellow and their various shades—conveying a corresponding shade of sentiment. The vine, the maple, the laurel, the willow, the yew, among trees; and among flowers, the lily, violet, primrose, carnation, snowdrop, and daffodil, to pick out a handful of samples, all tell their own emblematic story; while the May, forget-me-not, and sweetwilliam need no label but their names to suggest the burden of the message they bear to Anglo-Saxon eyes and hearts.

A knowledge of the language of flowers, indeed, is far less common as a polite accomplishment than it was in England even so late as middle Victorian days; but at least enough of it survives amongst us as to enable us to understand and sympathise with the feelings, hopes, and wishes which find utterance through the same medium in other lands. The flora of the Far East is not the flora of either side of the Atlantic, that is all, except that in the distant Orient the flowers of figurative speech themselves are more luxuriously abundant. Almost the same may be said of religious and legendary symbols. We are unfamiliar with the myths and doctrines, the holy books and hagiology of the various faiths in China; but the lives and miracles of Buddha are probably better known to most Englishmen and Americans than those of Christ as recorded in the gospel of Nicodemus; and preposterous and absurd as the biographies of certain saints and confessors of Buddhism and other popular religions in China may appear, they are at least not less veracious and edifying than those of an equal number of the holy men of Christendom consigned to an equal oblivion in the tomes of the Acta Sanctorum.

In fact, a glance into the myths of Taoism reveals a very treasure-house of all toys such as have amused the childhood of all the religions in the world. The shapes, indeed, are fantastic and grotesque enough, and some few wholly unrecognisable; but, for the most, the toys themselves are familiar in other mythologies in other lands. Even the Archer Lord, for instance, and his wife who steals the drug of immortality, seem to be no very distant relatives of Loki in Scandinavian lore, who shoots Balder the Beautiful, and the sorceresses who bring him to life again. When we come to the Hsi-yu everybody will be reminded of the Arabian rukh, or, in the older transliteration, roc, the colossal bird which transports Sinbad the Sailor to the top of the mountains, and with the Phoenix we are on terms as friendly as John Chinaman himself, even if the well-known label of the insurance office presents certain ornithological differentiations from his Eastern representative.

REVIEWS

The Aftermath of War

With the Bulgarian Staff. By NOEL BUXTON, M.P.
Illustrated. (Smith, Elder, and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. BUXTON'S book is the aftermath of the Bulgarian campaign in Thrace, a harvest which we might, perhaps, have been spared without any great loss to the cause of humanity, which it purports to serve. His love of the Balkan peoples is fanatical, and has led him into a morbid craving to discover "atrocities" in every action of the Turk. That the Turkish government of Christian provinces was hopelessly corrupt, and oppressive by reason of its corruption, no one will probably dispute, and the sympathies of the greater part of civilised humanity are very properly with the Bulgarians. But when Mr. Buxton, speaking of the regular Turkish soldier, says, "On the battlefield . . . he spends time in mutilating a wounded enemy," and again that "he wastes cartridges before the fight in shooting women and children, and sometimes when wounded and succoured by the enemy's doctor he turns and wounds him," then he utters a very grave and altogether unworthy libel on one who fought very gallantly in a hopeless cause.

The reviewer was present at the battle of Lule Burgas, and subsequently accompanied the routed and disbanded Turkish army on its retreat to the lines of Chataldja. He was a Christian, and King Ferdinand had proclaimed a "holy war"; moreover, he had with him a cart of provisions and equipment, and yet none of the kindly, courteous Anatolian peasants, of whom the army was composed, attempted to molest him. When on one occasion he gave a poor soldier a drink of water, the latter offered to share with him his last crust of bread. Nor did the Turkish soldier massacre and ill-treat Christians and their women-folk, although when he was starving they used to shut their doors in his face and refuse to give him of the food they possessed in plenty. Their flocks, also, the Turk left untouched in his extremity, and their chickens and corn. If any further proof is needed, were not some thirty correspondents, freed of all restraints and supervision, scattered about between Lule Burgas and Chataldja after the great battle, many of them working for papers to whom "atrocities" are the very staff of life? Yet not one has brought forward a single well-authenticated case of excesses on the part of Turkish soldiers.

Mr. Buxton's accusation is based on very flimsy evidence. Hearsay for the most part—things he had been told by the Bulgarian staff or mendacious Greek peasants. The Bulgarian staff have proved themselves very adroit at handling public opinion in Europe during the war. First of all, they inspired the reports of the ubiquitous Wagner; now they have made use of Mr. Buxton, who was an easy prey, for he set out with his eyes blindfold from partisan spirit. If, indeed, out-

rages were committed on Bulgarian and Greek soldiers and peasants, it was quite likely to be the work of the irregular bands of their respective countrymen, who are notoriously hostile and vindictive.

Mr. Buxton also makes rash statements, such as, "The licentious habits of the Turks, which always degraded the general standard as regards purity, meant at war-time the rape and disappearance of girls on an unprecedented scale." Now, the great majority of Turks are frugal and moral in the extreme, their homes presenting delightful pictures of family affection and patriarchal simplicity. That among the rich there are cases of gross sensuality and moral perversion none can deny, but the same is equally true of every civilised country.

It is refreshing to turn for a while from these calumnies, and to read of the courage, endurance, and good service of the British Red Cross unit known as the "Woman's Convoy Corps," which, with the exception of the Russian, was the only Red Cross unit allowed at the front. The women travelled for days in open ox wagons across the terrible Thracian roads, and, on arriving worn out and half-starved at their destination, proceeded to unpack their stores in the filthy Turkish house that had been allotted to them, and to deal with twenty wagon-loads of wounded men, without even waiting to partake of a much-needed meal. A noble example of woman's work, and one that in the hands of the suffragettes might prove a more effective argument than the breaking of windows. The Bulgarian hospital arrangements were evidently hopelessly inadequate; this was inevitable in a country where difficulties of transport are so great. Mr. Buxton, after an elaborate apologia, in the course of which he says, "Let us leave Zola's 'Débâcle' to the prurient and idle," proceeds to out-Zola Zola in his descriptions of the sufferings of the wounded, which are little less than nauseating. The same may be said of his story of the battlefield of Lule Burgas a week after the great fight, which is, in effect, a detailed description of a mammoth graveyard.

Mr. Buxton displays great descriptive powers, for the most part misused; but his picture of the whole Bulgarian nation marching to war in the silence of great determination, with flowers in their rifles, is little less than sublime. S. A.-B.

The Drama in India

The Indian Theatre. By E. P. HORRITZ. (Blackie and Sons. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE author of this "Brief Survey of the Sanskrit Drama" was already favourably known for his "Short History of Indian Literature," to which his present work forms a companion volume. The brevity of both is noticeable; most productions on India are lengthy. As lecturer in Sanskrit at Trinity College, Dublin, Mr. Horrutz has probably gauged the limited public demand that exists for anything more than a superficial knowledge of India. Like the products of that

country, everything connected with it must be highly seasoned to suit the public taste; even famine, plague, earthquake, sedition, attempts at murder, arouse a languid interest which soon passes away. Such books as these will only appeal to the limited class of scholars who have made Oriental studies a speciality; it will be a gain if they can attract the general reader. In India the first dawn of civilisation seems always to go back to the Vedas, and in the *Natya* (dancing, acting) Veda the author finds the mythical origin of the Indian theatre, with the sage Bharata as theatrical manager and conductor of the heavenly performances. In reality he attributes the origin to the ancient custom of reciting the national poetry at social and religious gatherings. The Greek drama, it will be remembered, had a somewhat similar foundation. But elsewhere he considers the origin of the Hindu theatre to be wrapped in darkness, and supports the theory that the poet Kalidasa perfected, whereas his forerunners created, the Sanskrit drama out of the lost prakrit (vulgar) plays, including the mysteries which were enacted at solemn seasons of periodic sacrifice. The Indian theatre he regards as home-grown, and not a foreign graft, for there is no proof of Hellenic influence, while Greek and Hindu plays diametrically differ both in arrangement and principle. Mr. Horowitz has skilfully, by paraphrase and summarising, reproduced the plots of some of the best-known plays, such as "Sakuntala, or the Fatal Ring," "The Toy Cart," etc., and introduced the reader to some of the most distinguished dramatists, as well as to the minor performances of marionettes, comediettas, musical sketches, which have found their development in the modern *jatras*, common enough in rural India on festive occasions. The mixture of religion, religious revivals, and the cult of Krishna with the dramatic representations is clear throughout.

As a scholar, Mr. Horowitz loses no opportunity of calling attention to the etymology of words, which explains many points that might have remained obscure. His Aryan roots are somewhat elementary, but will be new to most people. If the work arouses interest, as it should, in an abstruse subject, it might well be expanded hereafter.

Strindberg's Boyhood

The Son of a Servant. By AUGUST STRINDBERG.
(William Rider and Son. 3s. 6d. net.)

IN his introduction to "The Son of a Servant," Mr. Henry Vacher-Burch pleads for an unbiased judgment in reviewing the life and work of Strindberg. He points to the fact that many unhappy phases in the life of the Swede have been seized upon to brand him as a person worth little consideration. He also tells us that "the facts of this book, 'The Son of a Servant,' are true: Strindberg lived them." From them we get a very clear insight into the early life of the boy who later on played a great part in the literature of his country. The son of a shipping agent and the servant-maid, John, as

he is called throughout the book, did not begin life under very favourable conditions. His father was made a bankrupt just before his birth, and the fact that his parents were not married until after their third child was born, caused them to be looked down upon by many of their acquaintances. There was also an estrangement between his father and his uncle on account of the lowly birth of the former's wife. John was a highly-strung, sensitive child, and although he could not be described as weak-minded, he nevertheless felt that he must have someone upon whom he could rely for affection and comfort. Throughout the whole of the record of his boyhood there is this undercurrent of craving for love and understanding. To his mother he turns as the one more likely than any to give him what he desired, and in spite of the fact that she in her ignorance and stupidity many times repulsed rather than soothed him, and on occasions delivered him to the wrath of his father, to his credit, it must be noted, that he loved her dearly and revered her memory long after he had left his boyhood many years behind. His intense nervousness and fear, coupled with the harsh treatment he received, led him to commit petty faults of which a brighter, more fearless disposition would have been incapable. Several times he lied to his father and confessed to faults he had never committed because he had not the pluck to make a firm stand when he was accused. He had a great religious tendency, but was unfortunate enough to fall under the coldness and austerity of the Pietist's faith, and we take leave of him at the end of the present story as a free-thinker of a mild kind.

The pessimism running through so much of Strindberg's later work had its origin in this period of his existence. He was not an ordinary child. Far in advance of his class-mates of his own age he chafes at being kept back in the school. Discipline appears to do him no good; he is morbid and rebellious. He obstinately refuses to conform to the wishes of his friends—will not join them in small outings or leave his room when a party is in progress, although on his own confession he would have been delighted had some one picked him up and put him in the cart that was taking the picnickers on their journey or taken him by the arm and led him to join the merrymakers below. He does not care for the society of his young brothers and sisters; he protects them from the tyranny of a step-mother, but is bored to death one day because he has to take his little brother to the Zoo. He possessed no tact, and cared very little whether he pleased or not. A friend sends him a letter which irritates him; he has no more communication with that friend. At home he is kept unnecessarily short of money, and often has insufficient food. Such is the childhood and youth of the man afterwards destined to be discussed throughout Europe. He rose above his circumstances so far as his standing in the world of letters was concerned, but he was not able to forget, as he bitterly says, that he was the son of a servant, and that a servant's offspring must retain a hireling's limitations and cannot rise to the broad free outlook of a freeman.

A Farrago

Cross Views. By W. S. JACKSON. (John Lane. 5s. net.)

IN one sense this is a little book that anyone might write. The author's plan is to take a number of common subjects, and on each of them to string together the discussions and reflections that offer themselves from many points of view. The sixteen chapters have a wide range. "Town and Country," "A Wet Day," "Woman," "John Bull," "Appearances," "Selfishness and other Virtues"—to take a few headings at random—are topics on which anyone must have some ideas emanating from imagination or experience. The title indicates the intention of regarding the subjects from different aspects. The question is whether the author presents his wares in the most attractive shape. The essays, as they are, to some extent recall the immortal work of Bacon, but much has been written since the latter was published, and modernity has left its mark on Mr. Jackson's papers. They are full of cynicism, paradox, epigram, topsy-turvy expressions, which arrest the attention and give to think; but these characteristics do not conduce to easy reading, and the sentences are often long and involved. A critic cannot concur generally in the maxim quoted by Mr. Jackson, that all criticism should be praise; but there is no occasion to be severe on the book from which no little entertainment can be derived, though the style is more often ponderous than light. The temptation is to pick out some of the more pithy and pointed remarks, of which there are many. For instance, "The swing of the pendulum is the salvation of the community"; "Nothing could ultimately be as fatal to the State as the perpetuation of a Conservative regime, save the indefinite continuance of an unchecked Liberalism."

Mr. Jackson is somewhat hard upon the English love for games. "Games are the leisured Englishman's refuge from art and letters, and there is this to be said, that he takes them up in no dilettante spirit." "There are great games and small games, and the Englishman plays them all." Facetiousness is the form of the joke without its essence. Wherever a few are gathered together, one will be facetious. Facetiousness is the general bore, but goes exempt from the charge, for bore is a term seldom applied to the facetious man or the talkative woman. The author discusses whether the man of the world should be defined as one who was incapable of being shocked, or as a man capable of understanding and dealing with all sorts and conditions of men: he must know himself, and thus be beyond the reach of flattery. "Virtues and Vices are fallen on critical times. Sinners are speaking up for themselves on all sides, and bewildered saints find themselves the target of contemptuous revolutionaries and more in a minority than ever." Wherever the book is opened, there will be found something worth reading, though the meaning may be obscure or the idea unacceptable.

Shorter Reviews

Wayfaring in France: From Auvergne to the Bay of Biscay. By EDWARD HARRISON BAKER. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

IN travel, the wayfarer, of course, has the best of the game. He is free from the tyranny of guide-books and time-tables; he knows nothing of the groups of tourists led by their conductor who is paid to point out beauties; he may journey how he will, on foot, by boat, or by a country trap; and he is well repaid. The author of this book chose a delightful scheme; he followed the valley of the Dordogne as closely as he could, from deep in the moorlands of Auvergne to the sound of the sea, and set down his experiences, trivial and serious, as they came to him. If sometimes they seem too unimportant to be recorded—and we confess that a smaller book, a wise concentration, would have been an improvement—it is a fault inseparable from so copious a record. On the whole, though the story of mild adventure, of curious repasts in out-of-the-way villages, of roaming by night and idling by day, does not hold us in any very tenacious grip, it passes some hours pleasantly, and forms a medley of incident that is at times exceedingly entertaining.

L'Art Moderne, 1500-1800. Essais et Esquisses. By HENRY LEMONNIER. Illustrated. (Hachette and Co. 3 fr. 50.)

THESE instructive essays all bear more or less upon one theme—the influence of antiquity on European Art, from the early Renaissance to the French Revolution. The obsession of antiquity under which artists, especially French artists, suffered during that long and rather elastic period is responsible for a great deal of inferior and unoriginal work and some fine masterpieces. In the latter category we will place, following M. Lemonnier, the statuary of Jean Goujon. The Caryatids of the Louvre and the vicissitudes of the "Fontaine des Innocents" supply him with two chapters. The beginnings of the "Académie royale d'architecture," the least successful of the academical foundations of "le Grand Siècle," give him another—a much longer—chapter. An amusing page tells us of a debate, in this august assembly—"quand ils se demandent si l'on pourrait trouver dans l'architecture les proportions qui conduiraient 'à une parfaite et unique beauté,' la discussion est si confuse 'qu'on ne juge pas à propos d'en mettre les différentes raisons dans le registre.'"

M. Lemonnier holds that the artists have always been better than their theories. They condemned Gothic architecture and used Gothic experience. "C'est toujours la différence entre l'esprit de théorie et l'esprit d'observation. Ils n'auraient pas été des artistes, s'ils n'avaient pas eu le second." There was need, especially during the period following Henry II's accession; then there was an unprecedented "mouvement offensif

d'ensemble"—the Pleiad, translations of Vitruvius, and a score of phenomena working the same way. Mediocrity carried the theories to disastrous conclusions; genius circumvented them. Imitation, bad in itself, had a particularly vicious side; no distinction was made between the ancient models; bad examples of the worst periods were copied as good examples of the best.

M. Lemonnier points out in another essay the importance, at the dawn of the Renaissance, of the cultural boundary-line between Italy and North-western Europe. He emphasises the particular culture of Flanders and the retrospective habit of the Italians. This consideration helps to explain the subsequent history of the Renaissance.

Hans Holbein le Jeune: L'Œuvre du Maître. Illustrated. (Hachette and Co. 12 fr.)

HOLBEIN is historically one of the most disconcerting of painters. He appeared at a time when the position of the artist had become a very anxious one. Between the Renaissance and the Reformation, between Catholicism and Protestantism, the question of patronage was waiting for new solutions and the possibility of an essentially non-religious art was being suggested for the first time. Geographically, too, Holbein's lot was cast in difficult regions; Basle, the cradle of his genius, lay almost at the storm-centre of Europe, while England, the home of his choicest industry, afforded at best, through the cloud of conflicting ideals, a very vague and uncertain view of the future. It is significant that Holbein's first English patron, who invited him to England, Sir Thomas More, was in disgrace before the painter reached these shores. Holbein triumphed over all difficulties by genius, individuality, and adaptability. He had very little mysticism in his character, and this want was, in the circumstances, a useful asset.

These facts are well exhibited in a short introduction, which tells us nearly all there is to be known about the master. Possibly a little more might have been said about Holbein's influence on English portrait-painting. It is true that he did not keep or form a definite school, but there is no doubt that he was in a great measure responsible for the greatest movement in English art.

The illustrations, which include almost everything that is authentic, are beautifully reproduced. The "Dance of Death" is only represented by a couple of specimens; on the other hand, several disputed pictures are given. The volume is nicely bound, and the appendices, critical, chronological, and so forth, are full and useful.

Halfpenny Alley. By MARJORY HARDCASTLE. (Smith, Elder, and Co. 5s. net.)

"HALFPENNY ALLEY" is the result of a diary kept by a nurse who for six years was stationed in East and South-east London. In the story is displayed a very keen sense of humour, and a desire to produce faith-

fully her impressions of life as she saw it in this district of poverty and want. There are pathetic little glimpses of family life, accounts of the children and their games, and an acknowledgment of the kindness shown by those who have a very little to those who have nothing. The young people, especially, have a very warm place in Miss Hardcastle's recollections, and she is never tired of recounting some of their quaint sayings and actions. "Tain't neither," was the crushing response of a small girl struggling under the weight of a heavy baby when asked whether it was a boy or girl, "it's just a biby." "Tilda very much enjoyed a 'swishback' in spite of the fact that 'you leaves yer inside be'ind at the top-o' one 'ill, and catches it again with a bump at the bottom o' the next." This was also the girl whose mother had "tried tripe and kindness all to no purpose" when she was endeavouring to rouse her from her grief over the loss of her first baby. It is not all humour, however, in these grim surroundings; many a heart aches and many a want is felt when a young breadwinner meets with an accident and deprives his mother of the few extra shillings that were so badly needed to make ends meet. The doleful side, however, is not ridden to death, and for that reason the book will leave a far more lasting impression on the mind than a long and mournfully drawn-out appeal.

In the Land of Pearl and Gold. By ALEXANDER MACDONALD, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE most captious critic could not deny that no small measure of interest and amusement is to be gleaned from the pages of this work dealing with Northern Australia and New Guinea, which, by the way, we notice to be a second impression, the first edition having appeared in 1907. Yet, without the least intention of casting any reflection on "The Land of Pearl and Gold," we must admit that we scarcely know in what sense to accept the book. The tremendous wealth of incident with which its pages abound is undoubtedly rendered as a narration of plain fact, yet the most amateurish book-lover could hardly fail to perceive that the dialogue is for the most part the dialogue of fiction. This, of course, by no means reflects on the quality of the book. On the contrary, the dialogue of fiction must inevitably prove far more brilliant, *ben trovato*, and entertaining than any to be met with in the humdrum course of ordinary life, even when one is in such circumstances as the author describes.

There is no doubt, moreover, that travelling reminiscences, when in themselves of exciting nature, justify conversational latitude in their author which might be deprecated in more commonplace pages. As it is, Mr. MacDonald has shown himself possessed of the fortunate knack of attracting and holding his reader's interest from—one must employ the hackneyed term—cover to cover. Indeed, if it were not for some definite cover found on at least one occasion, he would

undoubtedly never have produced this book, since his body would have been impaled by those spears with which he was so frequently surrounded. On this head we must undoubtedly congratulate him, for he has given us an extremely racy and graphic account of the wild life and hairbreadth escapes in the remote lands of the South.

Fiction

The Fool in Christ, Emanuel Quint. A Novel by GERHART HAUPTMANN. Translated by THOMAS SELTZER. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

THE appearance of Gerhart Hauptmann as a "religious novelist" seems to have struck his fellow-countrymen with quite unjustifiable amazement. Such amazement is more excusable on the part of English readers, who, as a rule, know Hauptmann only as the exponent of the sordid and even revolting realism of "Fuhrmann Henschel" and its likes. But for those who know "Der Apostel Helios" and "Und Pippa Tanzt" there can surely be nothing surprising in the fact that Hauptmann's mystic tendency, therein bewrayed, has found its full development in the story of "Emanuel Quint."

The very setting of the scene is mystical. It lies in that strange debatable land of Silesia, where bouldered rocks overshadow fertile pastures, where for centuries Pole and German—imaginative Slav and matter-of-fact Teuton—warred for the pre-eminence; a land not unlike the Southern Highlands of Scotland, and, like them, the very harbour of mysticism and of introspective religion. In the book before us it is difficult to say whether mysticism or cynicism holds the upper hand; they are, perhaps, not so widely divided. The sense of "immediateness" to God, which is at the root of mysticism, produces, also, a contempt for self-seeking religion.

At the outset of this book we are discouraged by the description of the fanatic Emanuel Quint as the illegitimate stepson of a village carpenter, and we anticipate another travesty of the Gospels like "Joshua Davidson." But this is not so; in despite of the parody of the baptism, with fluttering doves and a rather greedy local preacher as St. John Baptist, and even the introduction of a modern Magdalen, the writer takes pains to assure us that Quint is a fool—half-lunatic, in short—until it is difficult to understand whether he most admires or pities his hero. He analyses with merciless dissection the character—half-mediævally superstitious, half-modernly neurotic—of the deluded followers of a man whom they insist on regarding as the Christ, but who himself repudiates the idea with abhorrence.

Down to a certain point, the story makes no pretence to be regarded as anything but pure fiction. The greedy Anabaptist preacher and the Fool himself are pure phantoms of the imagination, but we understand from German reviews

of the book that in the character of Kurt Simon the author depicts his own early career. Thereafter Hauptmann gives himself over to the description of a sect so vividly portrayed that people have earnestly inquired whether such a sect did not really exist. This community, calling itself the *Thalbrüder*, begins with pietism and devotion, but soon degenerates, helped by a derelict and decayed tambourine-playing Salvation Army captain, into orgiastic revelry, in the description of which Hauptmann's gift of realistic depiction finds full scope. Living at the time in the house of a pietistic patroness, who has taken the poor Fool under her wing, he is summoned to bring his erring sheep back to the fold, but is in turn carried away by the folly of some of his disciples, who will have it that he is Christ, until the poor man, more and more crazed by their contagious madness, actually declares himself as such. Then follows the natural reaction: the disciples demand a "sign": for the principal "miracle" that the man so far has done, apart from the soothing power of an attractive personality, has been to help an old woman to die quietly. Then he himself becomes involved in all manner of compromising situations with women, a result which he himself courts by resorting to houses of ill-fame, and is finally abandoned by his disciples. Accused of outrage and murder, but acquitted, he wanders away into Switzerland, and there perishes amid the snows above the Hospice of St. Gothard.

Apart from the religious interest of the book, the social side interests us. We have in that strange land the strangest intermixture of mediævalism and of modern civilisation. The pastor, a very different person from the fat and fawning Pfarrer of Elizabeth's stories, is still a power in that land, as he was four hundred years ago, and he uses his power in a reasonable if pragmatic fashion. The great lady, whose dinner-party consists of the greasy local preacher, the bailiff, and his wife, is a true survival of the days when to entertain a Lutheran was a pleasant and quite undangerous way of defying Rome. On the other hand, we have in closest proximity to this the baldest features of modernism: the galloping "Polizist" with his demand for papers from all and sundry; the "legalised" harlot; the Prussian officer turned country gentleman and bullying the peasants in their village as he had bullied them in his regiment, form a striking set-off to the feudalism of the surroundings of the story.

The book has been welcomed in Germany as a religious work, a true presentment of Johannine theology adapted to modern needs. We question it. There is too much undercurrent of cynicism, too much of the gluttony and wine-bibbing, too much in the suggestion of a sober yet enthusiastic teacher led by his disciples to believe himself more than mere man, to allow us to regard this as in any wise a Christian book. It is powerful, and it is deeply psychological. Therewith its praise must end.

For the translation not much can be said. It is written in a kind of German-American language, which

is clear enough, but is certainly not English. Such expressions as "back of him" for "behind him," "back and forth" for "to and fro" betray clearly their motherland, while such abominations as "Mrs. Stoppe" and "Mr. Quint" are intolerable in days when at least some cultured readers know the meaning of "Frau" and "Herr." We do not speak of "Mrs. Fallières" or "Mr. Poincaré."

The King's Favourite. By HENRY H. ATKINSON.
(George Allen and Co. 6s.)

FOR lovers of sensational novels, nothing could be better than this romance, which takes place in Paris in the reign of that cruel, crafty, and dissolute monarch Louis XI. Plotting and counter-plotting were the pastimes of the frequenters of his court; and woe betide those who displeased the king in the slightest degree. Henri Delange, a true and brave man, known as the best swordsman in the Guards, falls into disgrace, and would have been tortured to death, but for the love and courage of two young girls, who eventually obtain his pardon through working on the King's intense horror of illness and death. One shudders at the cruelty of the age; and a vivid description of a man done to death on the wheel is anything but pleasant.

The Little Grey Girl. By MARY OPENSHAW. (John Ouseley. 6s.)

IT is a great pleasure, and also a rather unusual one nowadays, to read a novel thoroughly healthy and moral, yet full of incident. We compliment Miss Openshaw on her latest work, and hope she will write many more of the same kind. *The Little Grey Quaker Girl, Silence Strangeways*, is so absolutely unaffected and innocent, that she wins the hearts of all who meet her; but she is an unusually observant child, and forms strong and trustworthy opinions. Her life starts in a quiet little village in England, and she has a great longing to see more of the world. A visit to some cousins who reside in a village on the upper reaches of the Thames, opens her eyes to the beauty of Nature. Through curious and unforeseen circumstances she spends many months in Paris, at the beginning of the Franco-German war; and hears the frantic cry: "A Berlin!"

After great events and various reports came the Emperor's telegram: "The army is defeated and taken. I am a prisoner. Napoleon." Following on this, the horrors of a besieged and starving city were gone through in misery and pain, and various more or less serious adventures, including the meeting twice in private of the beautiful Empress. We read of the doings of an unscrupulous and vicious character, who receives his proper reward in the end; and emphasises the purity and goodness of the *Little Grey Girl*.

The Decoy Duck. By A PEER. (John Long. 6s.)

THOSE who like reading about people high up in the social scale will enjoy this novel, and all the more so because it bears a coronet on the cover and is apparently written by a peer. This class of reader will be grateful for an intimate revelation of a life far removed from the slow, stodgy, but highly respectable doings of Brixton or Upper Tooting. He will revel in the glitter of rollicking nights, gay scenes, and mildly wicked men and women, and suffer no irritation when he comes across such feuilleton rubbish as the following: "A stain of scarlet, scorching vivid, replaced Helen Adderley's pallor," and "Chrystal Halsbury twisted her slim length round the door, her vivid ugliness accentuated by her dress of clinging black." He will forgive quite a number of gratuitous advertisements—a meat extract, a flask, a patent overcoat, and one or two high-grade motor-cars. The story of Rosemary, the decoy duck of her father, Neil Gwynne, goes with a swing, but with a total disregard for even a tolerably good style. There are plenty of exciting incidents, smart and racy sayings, and a few details, such as the heroine having a hot bath, which would, perhaps, shock Mrs. Grundy. Rosemary gambles extensively, and very nearly falls into a trap prepared for her by the sensual Grainger, but she retains to the last something of the frankness and innocence associated with her convent days, and, after passing through many risky escapades, falls in love with, and marries, the irreproachable Steele Beresford.

Music

COVENT GARDEN opened its doors last Monday week for its "Grand Season," which we trust will be successful. But who with liberty of choice would prefer to spend an evening with tiresome old Tannhäuser, uninteresting even in his naughtiest moments, when he could now spend an hour with Pavlova the enchanting? That miracle of genius and loveliness reappeared the same evening, and what are all Wagner's scores when compared with the music of her face and the poetry of her movements? It does not seem more than a few days since we sat in Covent Garden to hear the operas of Strauss, but the hours have been long and leaden while Pavlova was away. Now she has come (and it is as when the sun bursts forth after an English spring) bringing new smiles, new dresses, new dances. One of the dances has interest and value beyond the mere fact of her presence in it, an interest which should make a stirring appeal to musicians. We wish we could think that it would! High and low, rich and poor, all the amateurs ran breathlessly to see what kind of ballet Nijinsky would make of "L'Après-midi d'un Faune." Very few, we are afraid, were as anxious to know what Pavlova would make of Liszt's symphonic poem "Les Préludes." Everyone at Covent Garden

could have told all about Debussy and Mallarmé's Faun. How many at the Palace knew anything about Liszt as creator, inventor, discoverer of the symphonic poem, or of Lamartine and his "Méditations Poétiques"? We are not without hope, however, that just as the "Spectre de la Rose" and the "Carnaval" have taught many previously ignorant people something about the genius of Weber and Schumann, so "Les Préludes" at the Palace may enlighten them as to Liszt.

"Les Préludes" is an orchestral "reverie" on Lamartine's words: "Is our life anything more than a series of preludes to that unknown song of which Death intones the first and solemn note. Love forms the enchanting dawn of every existence; but where is the destiny in which the first delights of happiness are not interrupted" Mr. Arthur Hervey (whose little book about Liszt we recommend to all visitors to the Palace Theatre) says "In this musical paraphrase, Liszt has employed a sort of idealised variation form. The themes undergo a number of transformations and furnish a succession of vivid tone pictures. The music becomes, in turn, tender and contemplative, bold and triumphant, as it describes various phases of life." It is not deep music. Anti-Lisztians will call it sentimental and superficial, no doubt. Perhaps it has its flowery passages. But a piece written in musical Carlylese would be no use for dancing. Something Byronic or Tennysonian would be more suitable. Any child should be able to appreciate the gracious, elegant melodiousness of "Les Préludes" if only a musician perhaps could apprehend the extreme beauty of the scoring.

Is it any use asking those who go to the Palace to try and remember that it is not only the dancing and the *décor* that should interest them, but that their ears as well as their eyes should be opened, for the music of "Les Préludes" is just as important as that of Weber or Schumann or Chopin or Debussy? True it is that with the orchestra at his disposal the conductor at the Palace cannot play "Les Préludes" very well. One must hear it played under Mengelberg or Sir Henry Wood in order to know its fullest charm. But the Palace musicians do it much better than we had expected, and if the spectators' conversations had permitted them to hear the opening bars of the poem it might have been recognised that here was music worth attention. Herr Boris Anisfeld's decoration of blue sky, pink and green rocks, and "mop-headed" rose-bushes, is startling at first; but on a second visit to the ballet, we liked it better. The cloaked figures of the "interrupters of happiness," dark sapphire and deep crimson, are sinister yet beautiful. They pass, and the happy creatures who awake with the coming of sunlight, dance to a pretty tune in an early morning key. Pavlova, in a light sprigged muslin and a green head-dress, the loveliest, happiest of them all. See how her lover (M. Novikoff) lifts her into the air in ecstasy, with what sweet undulations they glide and bow and bend to the easy flowing music! Pavlova's green stockings and green shoes with golden tips are not, perhaps, as distinct as one would wish them to be, on the enamelled

green carpet of grass and flowers. Presently the Interrupters return and frighten away the Maidens. But the Lover, with heroic leaps and pirouettes, overcomes the "messengers of baleful destiny"; Pavlova rewards him with one of her most exquisite solo dances, and then, to the very prettiest of pastoral music, M. Fokine has arranged the very prettiest of ensembles, three Trinities of maidens encircling the protagonists of Love in graceful groups and the lightest rhythmic wreathings. Why the baffled Interrupters should sneak in rather shamefacedly at the end, when Love's triumph seems secure, we cannot say, for the music does not bring back the warning note. But M. Fokine's touch of cynicism may be pardoned because it is effective.

We found this ballet exquisite, and would wish to see it night after night. Our feelings about it are like those of Susan Tall's husband in "Far from the Madding Crowd," when he had to go home and Gabriel Oak was playing the flute. "Don't ye play no more, shepherd," said he, "I must be moving, and when there's tunes going on I seem as if hung in wires. If I thought after I'd left that music was still playing and I not there, I should be quite melancholy-like." Indeed, we shall often be melancholy-like to think that Pavlova is dancing "Les Préludes" at the Palace and we not there to be "hung in wires." The music of her Glinka's Adagio and her composerless Spanish dance, is of small account, but her costume as the most un-Spanish-like Spaniard is ravishing, and the memory of her dancing to Rubinstein's "Valse Caprice" must confer immortality on that otherwise perishable tune. There are many "attractions" at the Palace, other dancers, a Russian singer, some "comedians" (wondrous, indeed, is the use we make of that ancient word!) and "entertainers." Now hypercriticism is a thing we abhor, but we own that when, after these, Pavlova came, it was "as a romance after sermons, like a breeze among furnaces."

The opera has begun the four weeks of the German season which is to precede what will probably turn out to be a Puccini season, when Signor Caruso is to be the great attraction. Three complete cycles of the "Ring" testify to the continued satisfaction of the great Middle-class with the results of its discovery of Wagner's Tetralogy. The interest of Nikisch as conductor of the familiar music will doubtless attract a certain number of those who have heard the "Ring" many times, but the bulk of the audience is likely to consist of younger enthusiasts, the happy creatures who cannot remember a time when Wagner was not regarded as a completely accepted and generally worshipped god. "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" are to serve as foils for the glory of the greater operas, together with "Oberst Chabert," an opera by Herr Waltershausen, which was produced in Germany, and with wide success, only last year. We do not think that this opera will "become the fashion," and Balzac enthusiasts will, perhaps, rejoice if it fails. "Le Colonel Chabert" is a very fine story, and it was hardly respectful to Balzac to take it and turn it into a mere melodramatic libretto for music. Some critics hold that when a play or a libretto is founded upon a well-

known book, it is right to forget the history of its *provenance*, and regard it simply from the standpoint of its own merits. If we do this, we shall be able to congratulate Herr Waltershausen on having constructed a coherent and strongly outlined plot for his opera. But the altering of Balzac's working out of his tale, the making Mme. Ferraud poison herself and Chabert shoot himself, is rather hard to forgive. In the opera the sympathies of the spectator are with the wife, not with the Colonel, and this we find a grave fault. The music is not remarkable, and teaches us nothing new, except that it is now deemed correct to write an opera in the modern manner, the orchestra and the actors playing the principal, and the vocalists the secondary part, and yet to stop the action at a critical moment in order that the actor-vocalists may come to the footlights and sing a quintet. That Wagner and Strauss have done this sort of thing, and delighted us by so doing, does not justify Herr Waltershausen in presenting us with such a piece of incongruity. To men of their genius much may be permitted which it is better to deny to composers of moderate inspiration. But the young German composer does not seem to have made a definite plan of action before putting pen to paper. He wavers before the attractions of various styles. In his descriptive passages he is often dry, and when he would express violent emotion he fails to be more than superficial. In the spirit of his music he suggests that he is descended from a German Gounod through a Mademoiselle Mendelssohn, and that Puccini and Strauss were his God-parents. A very few words must suffice to record the renewed success of M. Geloso's Quartet, which has won the warmest praise from all good judges of chamber-music playing. It is hardly too much to say that, since the great days of the Joachim Quartet, no finer performance can have been heard of Mozart's favourite D-Minor Quartet than that given by M. Geloso and his colleagues; while their performance of Debussy's Quartet made that beautiful work so clear that one felt inclined to say one had never before understood it so completely.

The True Explanation of Marshal Nogi's Suicide

EVERYONE remembers the death of Marshal Nogi, the great Japanese general. The Mikado had just died; the moment he was laid to rest the conqueror of Port Arthur committed hari-kari in his own house. No friend was near him to behead him at the fatal moment according to the ancient rite. All by himself he plunged the dagger into his stomach, thus carrying out usage of centuries to show that pain was indifferent to him, and then cut his throat. He did not even give his wife any notion of his intention, for in his will he made every provision for her after his death. But not wishing to survive the man with whom she had lived for over thirty years Madame Nogi at once followed her

husband's example and stabbed herself to the heart with the dagger that had fallen from his hand.

The news shocked the world. It was taken for granted that Nogi had killed himself in order not to survive his Emperor. Many said he looked upon it as a duty to himself as a faithful servant to follow his sovereign into the darkness. Everyone wondered what was the true explanation: everyone felt that the suicide showed something in the Japanese mind which we Westerners can hardly understand let alone approve. Yet the act itself commands our admiration as all heroic acts in contempt of death do command admiration. One asked: is loyalty personal in Japan? Had Nogi no duty to the State and to the Japanese as well as to the Emperor. One had to resign oneself to ignorance in face of a mystery impossible to understand.

Now comes a French general with a new explanation and publishes it in the *Journal des Débats*. Thirty odd years ago it seems that General Lebon was one of the French officers charged with the military instruction of the Japanese army. About 1880 Lebon knew Nogi well; they soon became friends and here is his explanation of the reason of Nogi's suicide. He says that in 1877 when the feudal revolt in Japan was at its height, the rebels captured a standard belonging to the troops commanded by Nogi, and hoisted it flauntingly above their city of Kumamoto. Nogi always regarded this, says General Lebon, as the proof that he had lost his honour as a soldier, and regarding himself as unworthy to live he resolved to commit hara-kari. But at the moment of executing his intention, he received a formal letter from the Emperor to continue his work.

A few years later he fell in love with the daughter of a great house. The girl too it appeared loved him, but in spite of her father's willingness Nogi refused to marry her, declaring that he was unworthy. It needed another order of the Emperor to make him marry. He had two sons who both perished in the siege of Port Arthur. In spite of all the honours showered upon him he remained perfectly simple, and went on living quietly till the Emperor died who had ordered him to live, and then without any further ado he carried out the sentence he had pronounced upon himself thirty years earlier. Strangely enough General Lebon met Marshal Nogi the day before Nogi's death, and hastened to speak to him, for he had to ask his pardon.

"Excellency," he began, "I have allowed myself to get behindhand with you. You were good enough to send me your photograph with the medal on it of grand officer of the Legion of Honour. I wanted to send you mine with the image on it of the Rising Sun, but for years now I've not had a photograph taken. Still, in two or three days you shall have one of me."

Nogi took both his hands in his and shook them warmly in silence. The next day Lebon understood why he didn't speak. Nogi didn't want to say that the photograph would never reach him.

It seems probable that this explanation is the true one, but it leaves the mystery as impenetrable as ever. Nay, it even increases it, adding to it the vague dumb

pathos of a forgotten sorrow. Why should the conqueror of Port Arthur think himself dishonoured because the troops under him had lost a standard in a fratricidal fight thirty-five years before? We are told that the religion of the Japanese is ancestor-worship, the adoration of the unremembered generations who have gone before to the Samurai.

Hara-kari itself is a testimony to the strength of this religion. In the beginning some man blamed by the Emperor killed himself as unworthy to live under such censure. The feeling was so universal that the heroic act became a proud custom, and was soon regarded as the expiation of every form not only of dishonour, but of misfortune. In simple obedience to this spirit Nogi took his life.

Ski-ing—III: The Practice Field

IT does not often happen that too much snow falls in Switzerland, and to awake and find that it is snowing hard is always pleasing, and even the skaters, who are thrown out of employment until the rink can be cleared are generally generous enough to offer grudging congratulations. Hopes are expressed that it will continue all day and freeze hard at night; the wind, if there is any, is anxiously watched to see if it keeps in the right direction, and the snow examined to make sure that it is falling in hard little pellets, and not soft wet flakes. Meanwhile, not much can be done in the way of expeditions, but those who feel that every day not spent on skis is a day wasted, sally forth to the steepest practice slopes, because, when the snow is fresh and deep the going is very slow, and one cannot run on moderate slopes.

It has been said that it is only in bad weather, or when the snow is not in good condition, that anyone ever learns telemark or Christiania turns, or any of the many accomplishments of the "compleat ski-er." There is a good deal of truth in this, for one feels it a waste not to enjoy good snow to the uttermost by going some expedition, and one cannot bring oneself to potter about on practice slopes unless the weather or snow is impossible.

There are a good many people who never ski far afield, but they little know what they miss, and if they are eventually persuaded to go a trip they never want to potter again. But when the snow is coming down all congregate on the near slopes, the beginners to learn and be instructed, the more advanced to practise the elusive telemark and Christiania swings, everyone getting the snow down their necks, and even their backs, everywhere in fact that it can find a way in; falling in fresh snow is a smothering business, as it works its way in far more successfully than any other sort.

On one side of the slope is a small jump made by some Swiss boy, and presently a couple of men start treading the snow down above and below preparatory to

going over it. It is only two or three feet high, but the steepness of a slope below the jump has much more to do with its being easy or difficult, than the actual height of the jump. One is told that the steeper the drop below a jump the easier it is, because there is less shock on landing. This is probably true for experts, but to the beginner, though he may be a good ski-er, nothing is more alarming than the illusion encouraged by a steep jump, that nothing lies beneath it, and that he is about to jump off a ledge into an unfathomed abyss. The protruding jumping platform hides the slope below from sight and he sees nothing to reassure him. There is a horrible fascination about jumping, and the sight of a small jump always makes you want to try it. A large jump is, of course, so far beyond the powers of most people that it leaves you indifferent, but a small jump seems to draw you on to climb up to the top of its run down, and to get into position facing it. Then there is the awful moment when, too late, you regret your rashness. Too late because your pride will not let you draw back, and when holding yourself from running down by ski-sticks prodded firmly into the snow on each side, you gather courage for the still more awful moment when you must let go the comforting ski-sticks, and slide swiftly down to what looks like the bottomless pit. The next second you are off, gaining speed rapidly. "Knees pressed together," you suddenly remember as you crouch for the jump. Then there is a feeling as though the cord of a lift had broken, and the next minute you are either rolling anyhow down the slope, or sailing proudly on to the bottom, finishing off when you think your speed is safely reduced with a graceful telemark, and trying to look as though you did that sort of thing every day. It is very rare for people to hurt themselves jumping, provided the jump and run out are good, and the odd thing is that however violently you fall, your first thought on picking yourself up is to hurry to the top again and have another try.

As one o'clock approaches, everyone moves off in the direction of the little chalet restaurant which advertises "Tea, Coffee, Chocolate, Friendly Service," which offers shelter from the snow, and where a gramophone, on the insertion of a 10-centime piece, will drone out strange yodelling songs. Yodelling by the human voice is bad enough, but yodelling on the gramophone! Luncheon over, people issue forth and begin putting on their skis, when suddenly all is turmoil. Someone from an upstairs window has thrown a hard-boiled egg at an acquaintance in the crowd below, who promptly retaliates with a snow ball. This hits the wrong man and he, quick to avenge the insult, flings down the paper bag that once held his lunch and now only contains débris of eggshell, orange peel, biscuits, and crushed paper. A general mêlée follows, the people outside getting the best of it owing to their unlimited supply of snowballs, and at last the upper party have to close their windows and retire.

For those who are not devoting themselves to serious practice, but are ready for frivolous amusement, there

is nothing so thrilling as trying ski-ing roped together, as if they were out to ski over a glacier. Naturally they must be fairly steady ski-ers, but it is not nearly so difficult as it sounds if practised on a gentle slope. Three ski-ers with about 40 feet of rope between each of them, are enough for a start. They must do their upward zig-zags "in eschelon," namely, the leader the length of his rope above the second man and rather behind him, the second man in the same position, relatively, with the third man. At the end of a zig-zag they each do a kick turn and go on up in the opposite direction. But it is with the run down that the excitement begins; they still run "in eschelon," and the difficulty is for each to keep his distance from the other.

Sometimes the second or third man will gain on the man in front of him and will have hastily to loop up the slack of the rope and press the heels of his skis apart to slow up; at another time the front man will gain on the others and they must pay out the rope to its full length, crooking their bodies forward that a sudden tug may not pull them over but merely draw them on. Then the leader may shout "turn to right," and all three must swing round together, trying to run on without stopping, though very probably one of them will fall and jerk the other two down amidst a chorus of apologies and laughter. One used to hear a great deal, at one time in England, about the fearfully complicated falls that people had when ski-ing, and many people really seemed to believe that one danger of the sport lay in the possibility of falling in such a knot that, unless assistance came, the unhappy person might lie for hours and perhaps perish from cold or exhaustion! Such a fall is fortunately almost unheard of, though the writer has a vivid remembrance of a girl ski-ing swiftly over an icy practice field and trying to pull up suddenly with a turn. What followed was a confused cartwheel effect and, when things cleared, one ski was seen to be planted almost upright, its point buried for 18 inches or more in the hard-trodden snow. The girl was lying on her back, her foot still held to the ski by the straps of the binding and, from the position of the ski, well up in the air, so that she was, literally, hung up. Vainly she struggled to pull out the ski point from the snow, and unable to lift her foot any higher to free it from the straps, she lay at last, helpless with laughter, till assistance arrived. However, most people are content with less ambitious achievements than this, and, considering the enormous number of people, chiefly inexperienced, who now ski each winter, accidents are very few, for it is gentle falling, in soft snow, compared to the unyielding surface of the rink or bob-run.

Messrs. Stanley Paul will in future issue their 1s. net novels bound in cloth, instead of in illustrated paper covers. The first volume in the new binding will be "In Fear of a Throne," by R. Androm, whose story, "Neighbours of Mine," will at the same time be re-issued at 2s. net. The same publishers are issuing Miss May Wynne's romance, "Honour's Fetters," in their "Clear Type" Sixpenny Series.

Spring in the Rock Garden

MILTON, if I remember rightly, once spoke of the Earth as "quaint-enamelled" I know no better epithet whereby to describe one of the many charming aspects of the rock garden in the present season. The particular aspect of which I am thinking is that produced by the colour masses of such prostrate growers as aubrietia, *Anemone apennina*, and those other inexpensive plants at which it is the fashion nowadays to sneer. It is difficult to conceive of any more entrancing sight than that of a great sheet of purple aubrietia clinging close to a limestone-rock wall, and similarly I know few flowers more daintily fresh than the common white double arabis. If you have pure scarlet tulips peeping up through those billowy white clouds of blossom, so much the better. But, mark you, all this is the very rankest heresy. Arabis is so easy to grow that it costs you practically nothing, whereas in this age of vulgarity, cynicism, and superficial culture it is held to be the badge of horticultural good taste to deride any plant which is not expensive and peevish. I am willing to admit that the high alpine are beautiful, and necessary to one's æsthetic salvation. I confess that I take more pride and pleasure in my choice androsaces, saxifrages, gentians, and so forth than I do in plants of coarser growth. But knowing as I do the sheer impossibility of acquiring a sufficient stock of these rarities ever to create "effects" therewith, and thirsting as I do for masses of colour, I abide by a resolution, formed years and years ago, to keep the two phases of rock-gardening distinct.

Accordingly in my rock garden you will not see aubrietia and arabis and the rest of that generation cheek by jowl with *Androsace villosa* and *Dianthus freynii* and *Gentiana bavarica*. All of these latter dainties, together with *Androsace chumbyi*, *brigitantica*, and *carnea*, *Saxifrage porophylla*, *media*, *aretioides*, and so forth, soldanellas and a multitude of the choicest primulas, you will find within the sacred precincts of the moraines. What a tangle of errors is twined about this high matter of moraines! Many of my worthy gardening acquaintances appear to believe that a moraine must necessarily be hideous and impossible-looking. For my own part, knowing that for my heresies I am in danger of burning, I deem it of small account whether I burn for a pamphlet or an encyclopædia-full of heretical doctrines, and say quite boldly that my own most successful moraine was placed by my own hands in a position whither not the maddest freak of intoxicated nature could conceivably have transported it.

It may be taken as a general rule that, if the rock garden be so constructed that its inhabitants look thoroughly at home and contented with their surroundings, there will be no appearance of unnaturalness. It should be our ambition to imitate, not so much the results produced by Nature as the means by which she produced them, justifying our means by our ends. As for those outlying portions of the garden which I love, in spite of all the supercilious scorn of puffed-up

fashionable Alpinists, let them be densely packed with a multitude of such bulbous plants as *Puschkinia scilloides*, *Triteleia uniflora*, *Bulbocodium*, *Fritillaria*, *Iris Tuberosa*, *Scilla*, and species of tulip. The last-mentioned are not grown nearly so commonly as they deserve to be. *Tulipa kaufmanniana* if none other of the tribe, is quite indispensable. There are few more charming sights at any time of the year than that of rocks enveloped in sheets of *Arenaria balearica*. But beware lest you introduce this humble sandwort to the inhabitants of your moraine or the choicer portions of your rockery, for beneath that invasive sea of greenery the latter will inevitably suffer shipwreck. There is a glorious new *Primula* called *Purdomi* just out. I wish it were within the scope of my purse. At the Daffodil Show on Tuesday and Wednesday of the week before last some glorious new creations, especially in the *Incomparabilis* and *Poeticus* sections, were to be seen. But the vulgarity of modern tastes is glaringly apparent even in the case of the daffodil, all other considerations being postponed to that of mere size.

R. E. N.

Bernstein's New Play

"**L**E SECRET," at Les Bouffes Parisiens, has been unanimously proclaimed a success by the critics. This is probably the result of an undeniable progress in M. Bernstein's sincerity and a far greater precision in the opposition of the characters.

His heroine, Gabrielle Jeannelot, is wicked from the sheer pleasure of hurting her friends, yet passes as being a pearl among women. So, when Henriette Hozleur, a young widow, and her most intimate friend, turns to her for advice, Gabrielle will do her utmost to wreck Henriette's life. Henriette has been foolish. Since her husband's death she has turned a far too attentive ear to the whispers of an irresistible young man, who bears the cosmopolitan name of Charlie Ponta Tulli. This man wished to repair his fault by marrying her, but the wedding never "came off"; Charlie abruptly left France, and Henriette was left to bewail feminine frailty. Of course, though no one knows it as yet, this is the work of the malicious Gabrielle. However, Henriette has lately met a young man, Denis Le Guenn, who believes in her and who wishes to prove his devotion by making her his beloved spouse. Henriette asks her friend if she is not bound by honour to reveal to Denis the part Charlie Ponta Tulli has played in her life. Gabrielle, whom no scruples trouble, forbids her; but the two young people marry, and all seems to go well. In the second act all the personages of "Le Secret" are gathered at the country house of Constantin Jeannelot. To our surprise, we see Charlie Ponta Tulli, who has unexpectedly returned from his travels. Henriette's pride, her sensibility, are deeply wounded by his proximity, all the more so as Denis has taken a real affection for Charlie. At last she resolves to reveal everything to Denis. Gabrielle, however, interferes at this moment. Of

course, it is she who has caused Charlie to return so suddenly; it is also she who manages an interview between Henriette and Charlie; she even extends her malevolent solicitude to the point of making Denis enter at an opportune moment. With all the rashness characteristic of devoted better halves, he immediately believes what is not—or, rather, what is no more. There follows a scene and general explanations.

And it is now, just as the interest of the action seems to end, that the psychological gist of the play reveals itself most poignantly. M. Bernstein shows us Gabrielle, not satisfied by the success of the disaster she has so patiently elaborated, publicly owning her infamy. She glories in her insensibility, she fairly revels in her maliciousness. Yet, at the same time, she has an overwhelming horror of herself, which causes her to humiliate herself before those she has harmed all the while she apotheosises her ignominy. The secret of the play is the nature of its heroine, whose complex and contradictory sentiments contribute towards making her one of the most curious feminine creatures of modern comedy.

A most appropriate sub-title for "Le Secret" would be "La Méchante"—and Mme. Simone, to whom M. Bernstein had confided the rôle, has achieved so marvellous a comprehension of the character that, whilst listening to her, one cannot help feeling a sentiment of unrest and disquiet. Let us hope that the remarkable perspicacity revealed by Mme. Simone in Gabrielle is not due to her natural disposition, but to a very laudable desire to render as well as possible the thought of the author. Mme. Simone, in truth, excels at personifying the tormented, complicated natures of Bernstein's heroines. She is, in fact, the direct complement of his talent, just as Berthe Bady is indispensable to any of Henri Battaille's lengthy psychological essays. Madame Madeleine Lely has created a most sympathetic figure in the part of Henriette Hozleur. Her delicate and refined beauty, her sober talent, all lend an infinite charm to Gabrielle Jeannelot's victim. M. Claude Garry's vibrating voice and fine physique both contribute towards making him a most sympathetic and loyal Constant Jeannelot. The rôle of Denis Le Guenn is played by Mr. Victor Boucher, who ranks as one of the best French actors of the moment. He has rendered with rare talent and sobriety the torments and sufferings of the husband of Henriette. His accents are always true and just, and never, as they might so easily have done, degenerate into melodrama.

MARC LOGE.

Goethe is one of those personalities, of more than European significance, who have been centres of much particular study. Mr. Murray is to publish next week a volume, "The Youth of Goethe," from the pen of Professor Hume Brown, of Edinburgh, who is one of the first authorities on German literature. This work, treating as it does of the most important period of Goethe's career, is not to be ignored.

The Royal Society of British Artists

IT is a little difficult to characterise this year's spring exhibition in general terms. Extremes meet and jostle one in a manner too marked to be overlooked, and while there is not a little good and worthy, and sometimes outstanding work, there is also some unconscionable rubbish. Clearly, what is needed is some stricter principle of selection. What happens in the present circumstances is that not a few serious workers become suspect by reason of the company in which they appear. The Society is now a venerable one with a reputation to sustain, and mere crank-productions and commonplace pot-boilers should find no place upon its walls.

The first picture to compel attention is Mr. Joseph Simpson's "Souvenir of the Goya Ball," a daring piece of vivid colour and gay movement, though with a touch of hardness that suggests an imperfect sympathy with his subject. Mr. Graham Robertson gives a new reading of "Phryne before her judges." Phryne is a small child of tender years and flaxen hair, exhibiting her unclothed person to an admiring audience of dolls and other nursery creatures; it is a pretty idea enough, and gracefully executed, but marred by a jarring touch of self-consciousness. Still, it bears the mark of something like a master-hand, and that is much. Mr. Brougier's delightfully quiet and natural study of a "Rocky shore on the Italian Riviera" merits high praise for its restraint, its dignity, and its remarkable management of the foreground light in contrast with the frowning and shadowy masses in the middle distance. Mr. Fred Milner's "Mill Pool" is another quiet and meritorious work; and Mr. Brougier again attracts attention by his "Evening at Mentone," an unsensational (in spite of its fine background of snow-peaks) but truthful and conscientious piece of work, and full of the artistic feeling which seeks self-expression before the more solid rewards of the world. Another impressive landscape is Mr. John Muirhead's "Road to St. Ives, Hunts," remarkable for its skilful management of wet sunlight in the track of a storm. Mr. Sanderson Edwards gives a rather pathetic study in harmonious and translucent silver-greys, which he entitles "In North Holland." Mr. Frederic Catchpole contributes a number of more or less finished studies of figures on sandy beaches, women and children for the most part, with a charm and truth of their own in spite of the hard outlines which he often permits to remain uneffaced. He has a gift for rendering movement and the wetness of sand and sea, which make his work attractive in spite of obvious defects. An exceptionally charming study in grey and silver of still sea and mist is Mr. Louis Grier's "Pearly Morning." An outstanding picture is Mr. Schofield's study of a lakeside village by moonlight, which he calls "A Summer Night"; and with it we would mention with hearty commendation Mr. Kortwright's "Bridge over the Moat," a somewhat laboured but very striking and impressive

rendering of one of those ancient moated granges which the march of civilisation and improvement have not yet wholly abolished from our country. There is some daring expression of the old and undying problem of the right rendering of autumn tints in Mr. Leist's "Autumn," which has the merits of clear colour, bold handling, and brilliant light—no small matters to have achieved, after all.

The exhibition is not strong in pictures from the nude. Quite the best in point of execution is that by Mr. Palin, which he entitles "Calypso," a female figure standing with her face turned away from the spectator, looking out to a grey sea; the colour is of singular purity and the figure is graceful, but beyond its technical merits there is little to commend it—there is nothing in it of poetry and suggestion. "The Nymph's Pool" is the best of several commonplace studies of the nude by Mr. Horace Middleton, who painted the delightful picture of two girls bathing a year since. Here we have some children disporting themselves in a pool overhung with trees in chequered light and shadow conventionally handled—a pleasant piece enough, permeated with not a little of the *joie de vivre*, but not equal in merit to the artist's picture of last year, with the graceful girl-child poised for a dive. Somewhat similar in type is Mr. Carruthers Gould's "Bathers," in which the lights are more cleverly managed than by Mr. Middleton. The portraits, as a rule, are undistinguished; we like best those of Miss Julia Neilson and Miss Mary Lewis, both by Mr. Eves; and there is something approaching to power in that of Mrs. Enrique Perez, where the silver circlet in the dark hair is a very effective feature. Mr. P. A. de Laszlo sends a fine "Study in the Open Air," full of vigorous vitality, pure in colour, clever in pose, and convincing in the fury of the gale against which his "sitter" is struggling. There is decided character, too, in Mr. Adamson's portrait of Mrs. Arthur Crook. Among male portraits, that of Captain Adrian Jones, by Mr. Trevor Haddon, abides most distinctly in the memory. Mr. Harry Spence's vigorous "Portrait Sketch" merits a mention for its skilful suggestion of a strong idea; and a rich character-study is Mr. Prescott-Davies' "From Fez," a Moorish girl brightly arrayed and characteristically posed, which makes a vivid and far from inharmonious picture. Mr. Frederick Whiting's laughing Gipsy, too, which he entitles "A Touch of Colour," leaves a pleasant impression of richness and humour—the latter a rare quality in this exhibition. We like also Mr. Schofield's "Mimi."

Mr. R. G. Eves scores another success with his clever "Berneval Plage," and Mr. John Muirhead earns a mention for his "Morning, Whitby"; so does Mr. Proctor, with his capital rendering of "In with the Tide, Hayle Bar." Mr. Cecil King's "Rainy Day on the Pont Neuf" is a clever, if somewhat tricky, piece of work. Among the water-colours we are favourably impressed by the broader and more delicately effective style now affected by Mr. Haslehurst, of which there are some striking specimens, as in "Low Tide" (No.

293), "On the Yealm" (No. 311), "An Estuary" (No. 359), and "A Grey Dawn" (No. 356). Some noticeable pictures are contributed by Mr. Tatton Winter; and Mr. Finnemore's Breton studies, though recognisably from the same models, are full of charm. The careful work and clear and brilliant tints of Mr. Gadsby's "Crocuses" compel attention in these days when slipshod execution and muddy colour pass for "breadth" and "subtlety" of expression. Mr. Cecil King sends some good Venetian studies; and three noticeably fine works are "Passau, on the Danube," by Mr. Burleigh Bruhl; "A Beechen Glade," by Mr. George Haité; and "Richmond, Yorkshire," by Mr. W. Hawkesworth. Among the miniatures we are struck by Mr. Brunton's weird imagination of "A Queen of Egypt, XVIII Dynasty."

The Walker Gallery

AN interesting exhibition of the work of three artists opens this week at the above gallery, and remains on view until May 10. Mr. J. Littlejohns' pictures form a striking little collection, the pastel-work being exceptionally fine; he has evidently specialised in this medium, and if only for the sake of a set of sixteen of these charming drawings of his the exhibition is well worth a visit. "Porthleven, Cornwall," and "The Blue Wagon," are two of the best. Several subjects taken from the West Country are good, and a Dutch scene, "In Volendam Harbour" is worth special attention. The large oil-painting, "A Canal in Amsterdam," was exhibited at the Paris Salon last year, and received many expressions of approval from the French Press. The more vivid paintings of Spanish scenes in the neighbourhood of Toledo show a clever management of the difficulties of light and shade, but it is a pity that space necessitates such proximity to the subdued tints of the pastels. The pastel medium in the hands of this artist proves so effective that it occurs to us as surprising that books of travel are not frequently illustrated in this style; it would be a welcome change from the customary soul-less, postcard-like "views."

Mr. L. Richmond's pictures have many excellent features; his studies of river effects form his most appealing work. "Shipping on the Seine," and "Watchet Harbour" are very true and life-like, and an impression of "Red Roof Cottages" we noted as especially worthy of consideration. Mr. W. Redworth is most successful in the medium of oil. "A River Carnival" depicts a night scene, and the effect of the lights under the general gloom of trees and sky, with shadowy figures in the foreground, is very well conveyed. "Kiddies," a picture of children on a sandy beach, suggests a windy day, without undue effort; and in contrast to these we may mention a quiet, subdued water-colour of "Maldon, Essex," the greys of the distance being very effective.

The Jilt

AS SEEN BY THE JILTED.

IT falls to the lot of most men who, being of the everyday ruck, are neither abnormally indifferent nor wholly distasteful to the other sex, to be thrown over, with more or less of warning, for one or other of their neighbours. Such is the inherent vanity of the lover, who, having once got over his first diffidence, is even more self-satisfied than the unloving or unloved, that he finds it hard to believe that the lady of his choice, she whom he has delighted to honour, could in her senses have found the kisses of any other man more to her taste than his own; and, convinced that his rival, whether of his acquaintance or not, must suffer by comparison with himself, he invariably attributes the unfaithful one's defection to a temporary aberration of intellect. His verdict is, in fact, of like import to that of the jury which pronounces for suicide while of unsound mind.

Yet, though this is unquestionably the attitude of the average jilted lover, his reception of the rebuff is not in accordance with his beliefs, for, instead of treating his wayward fair in a spirit of pitying tolerance of such weakness, he more often sits him down in his corner at the club and dashes off straightway just such a farrago of splenetic venom as Pacheco sent to the faithless Isabella, recommending her charms to the indiscriminating appetites of servitors in the university.

This is very fatuous. Making every allowance for the false perspective of wounded pride, a lady does not necessarily harbour wanton tastes because, taking the privilege of her sex, she changes her mind. As often as not, indeed, the discarded swain has only himself to thank for her inconstancy, for, secure in his fool's paradise, he takes no pains to keep what he won, but regards the maiden on whose finger he has put a ring as equally his own inalienable property with the dog round whose neck he fastens a collar. Others, or at any rate, another, may be less neglectful of opportunities than he who is in possession, and may even be unrighteously attracted by the challenge of his ownership; and so the property changes tenants.

As a matter of fact, if the bereft one could only exercise a maturer judgment than is usually vouchsafed to those still busy with affairs of the heart, he would view his loss in the light of release, for it is tolerably certain that the woman who can change her mind once in such a manner will change it again, and as lief after marriage as before. She is a woman who does not know her own mind, and, though such uncertainty of allegiance may be stimulating before standing at the altar, it is likely to involve serious inconvenience afterwards.

Let the jilted man, then, not write to his lost joy in any spirit of coarse raillery, commending her to scullions or otherwise reflecting on her easy morals, but let him rather take her revolt in becoming seriousness,

wishing her all happiness with her new lover and with as many as may come after. If, in passing irony, he should be moved to beg that her eldest boy be named after him, he should sternly suppress the jibe that comes uppermost in his acid thoughts with reference to its parentage. Above all, let him send her the best wedding gift he can afford and, if possible, be present, invited or otherwise, at her wedding in the spirit of the escaped convict whose hobby it was to see the black flag go up at executions. Then, with silent thanksgiving on his lips, he can remember good John Bradford, and, as his successor steps proudly down the aisle with the blushing bride upon his arm, say: "There, but for the grace of God, go I."

Having vindicated his pride up to this point, at which she ought finally to pass out of his life, he is free to find balm for his wounded heart in one or other of the traditional bids for Nirvana: drink, big game shooting, or other loves. His fate is in his own hands, and it would be a poor thing to wreck it for the sake of a woman who takes no further interest in him. Properly turned to account, his experience should prove a salutary one. There never was a strong man yet that was not the stronger for being jilted. It has started many a man on his career. It is the undoing only of weaklings. For the man who counts, love is of life a thing apart.

The Theatre

"Come Over Here" at the London Opera House

AMERICA appears determined to add to the gaiety of our nation, whether we wish it or no. The latest importation of gorgeousness and fun simply hits us and holds us, and we are slaves to their ragtime and their beauties for as long as they wish. We don't know, nor care, why this lively and brilliant salad of a myriad flashing effects of scene, costume, and humour should be called a "revue," but with all the rest of the show we accept the title and are thankful. The great and unusual charm of "Come Over Here," is that it is an entertainment that entertains. You are not allowed for a moment to be anything but entertained. The entire "revue" is arranged under the personal supervision of Mr. Clifford C. Fischer, and he won't let your mind wander for a moment from his fixed purpose during the dozen or so splendid scenes he has arranged to enthrall you. One is, of course, at liberty to like some parts more than others. "The Rose D'Ispahan," for example, is a thing apart, and a very beautiful thing. Beautiful ladies and splendid dancers and drama of the conventional harem adventure kind are shown us with elaborate Eastern backgrounds of palaces and castles. Mr. Oscar Schwartz is a fine hero, and Miss Washburn a lovely wife of the Shah, who becomes

devoted to this handsome young Fakir. Then struggles and violent scenes and final victory for the lovers.

The mimodrama of "The Rose," with its Eastern essence and charm is followed on and proceeded by wonders. There is the race between the motor and the railway, an oldish illusion newly dressed; and there is the curious water scene at Venice in which a procession of ladies makes its way down a vast stairway into the water of the canal—they walk straight in and disappear for ever, so it seems. But greatest of all delights to some of the audience are the restaurant scenes in Paris where, about 10,000 loveliest ladies in the most bold and beautiful dresses and cloaks that the Place Vendome can produce, exhibit themselves on the stage and up and down the long platform which runs—as usual now—into the auditorium. Artistically we can but love the highest when we see it, and there is no doubt the present management have reached the top note, so to speak, in the matter of rag-time and splendid forms and gowns that ravish and fulfil the lust of the eye. Their reward is to be found in crowded houses. Never before has the enormous new opera house been able to complain of over-crowding. But that is the present state of the great theatre in Kingsway. It may be a bitter reflection on the taste of London, but it is nevertheless true that there has seldom been a more successful production than "Come Over Here."

"The Chaperon" at the Strand

If the great end of comedy is to make the audience merry, as Dr. Johnson thought, how much more truly may the dictum be applied to modern farce? That is the idea which Mr. Jocelyn Brandon and Mr. Frederic Arthur have always had in view in writing their amusing play, and they have succeeded beyond expectation. The audience laugh from first to last, and leave the theatre in a merry mood. In regard to a farce, no one need ask more; we are generally ready to put up with a good deal less and with a thankful heart.

The owner of the Restaurant Royal holds the opinion that people need not coddle their reputations, but it is as well to look after them a little, as a charming lady says, in another play, a little further up the Kingsway. So in such an event as that of the well-known and elderly Mr. Christopher Pottinger, M.P. (Mr. Dagnall), bringing a young musical comedy actress to dinner, and not finding a private room vacant, he provides the chaperon to prevent awkward chatter and mistakes. The chaperon is a gentleman of the world who plays a quiet part and all goes well. But just when we are going to be introduced to him, he has been obliged to take too many lunches—business has been good—and he is on the sick list. So a cheery gentleman, Hilary Chester, made delightful by Mr. Cyril Keightley, offers to take his place, and the rest is anything but silence.

Rosamond Gaythorne (Miss Ethel Dane) is a lady of the stage who wishes to get a secretaryship for her particular boy by means of Pottinger. This obliges her, of course, to dine with the M.P. at the Royal, and under the wing of Chester, who is at once at her feet. Then the wife of Pottinger and heaps of other people appear. The actress and Chester become Mr. and Mrs. Jones, who have invited the M.P. to dine, and the complication is well started. The authors run their idea pretty hard, adding absurdity to absurdity, until at last all the characters are mixed up and each suspects the other. But there is one lady who suspects more than anyone. This is Harriet Maxwell, played by Miss Ada King. This lady by some subtle means raises the whole play, whenever she is on the stage, to realms of infinite fun. Her glance is enough to set the house in a roar; her bitter acidity, her sharp answers, her intense air, all these hold the audience and compel amusement. When Mr. Dagnall's broad comedy fails us, when the gay charm of Mr. Keightley waxes and wanes, when the humour of Miss Dane has been tried to the ultimate point, Miss King survives and vitalises the farce into new life.

The plot works itself out in a wild and merry and inconsequent fashion, but we don't much care what is happening so that the strange Miss Maxwell is well to the front and we are allowed to laugh at her. The authors see that she has plenty to do, thus all goes well and merriment is the order of the night. We would hardly say that Mr. Louis Meyer presents another "Glad Eye" to a waiting world, but "The Chaperon" is a good second and will no doubt fill the Strand with delighted audiences for a long while to come, for the farce is filled with humours that have amused the world for a long time and are always welcome as familiar friends.

EGAN MEW.

The Shakespeare Festival

IN spite of a seat from which it was not possible to get a just view of the stage, and all the consequent discomfort, it was curious to notice the calm authority worthy Falstaff exercised, not only on the differing degrees of men whom he encountered in his uproarious way of life, but on those of us who watched and heard him from where we sat. If either part of Henry IV is to be done exclusively of the other, it seems unavoidable that it should be the second, because of the satisfactory (that is to say the intensely unsatisfactory) conclusion it offers. For ourselves, we should have liked to see the two parts together in a five hours' performance. But, however it be done, it is only necessary to see this Falstaff to realise the terrible impostor who poses under his name in the "Merry Wives." The poor buffoon who is tricked at all points by two burghers' wives, is not even of the same clan as the comfortable knight who may "lard the lean earth as he walks along," but can stand complete in his dignity, in whom high and low strangely meet, with whom wit becomes humour

and humour wit, and who will always, whatever the case against him, emerge triumphant in the end. He is a gentleman always, however addicted to sack, kindly too, not less so in either case than his cousin Hamlet. There is more than a little of the paternal in his attitude towards the young prig Harry. His understanding of men is almost as bewildering as the lightning wit that touches its mark and is out again before the apprehension can follow it. And the ease with which he adjusts a misplaced balance, as in the wonderful scene with the Chief Justice and Master Gower, is incomparable.

One could write at great length on Falstaff without nearing the end of him. It is impossible that all of him could meet in the interpretation of any one actor; but Mr. William Calvert seized the essential part of him in showing that even his intellect and wit were but parts of the easy grace with which he leads men and heads of circumstance. Though it was the anniversary of the birthday the Memorial Theatre was not as full, in pit and gallery, as it might have been, and the sense of a social event was in the air; but through it all Mr. Calvert unostentatiously made that authority felt. It was an excellent performance. Especially good was his rejection by the Prince—after that prig with the frost in his blood has made his resolve that he will be good. To Mr. Murray Carrington was given the ungracious task of portraying that young man; and in his hands the end was shed of some of its sharper distaste. Mr. Caine as Shallow and Mr. Maclean as Silence were both good. The full humour of Silence was wrung out without the least trace of clowning.

Mr. Benson had not much to do as the king save to die. With the aid of Mr. Ayrton, who invented a wonderful effect of curtains and colour grouping, he made that death scene a beautiful thing to remember. It was possibly rather too drawn out; but it was memorable. It was not easy to fulfil the mysterious suggestion of the curtains that disappeared away into darkness, giving a height and space that made the bed seem as though it were set in a hall of eternal night; but Mr. Benson did fulfil it, and his quiet dignity made the scene one of the best of his interpretations. Mrs. Benson re-appeared as Doll Tearsheet. The part is so thoroughly associated with her name that it may seem almost beside the point to speak of it. If anything, she improved upon her interpretation. Certainly she put an astonishing verve and vitality into it; and her scenes with Falstaff were things of pure joy.

As a contrast to Henry IV Mr. Benson took the part of Richard III on the Saturday night. It is not an easy part to play. Or rather, from another point of view, it may be said that it is an over-obvious part to play. There is no cunning in the psychology. All the devilry is on the service, not hidden away in the folds of character. It is rather a caricature than a character; and the stamp of "Tamburlane" is on the psychology even as it is on the versification. Therefore there is every inducement to rant the part—an inducement to be resisted, though Mr. Benson did not altogether success-

fully resist it. The result was that the "something more" that he so delicately caught in the death scene of Henry he missed in his portrayal of the king who was intended to be part fiend and part man. Mr. Rupert Conrick as Richmond came in at the end with his firm unflinching manner as an excellent contrast. The contrast is indeed part of the play; but it is too long delayed to be of any value in its construction; and Richard did not fully maintain interest in the early parts, despite a bloody succession of murders. Mr. Conrick's part in the play deserves more than a passing mention. In Henry IV he took the part of the Lord Chief Justice, and both there and as Richmond, he played with a solid dignity and strength that were invaluable; the more so, because, in spite of the uniform excellence of the acting that is so marked a feature of the whole company, one had a lurking sense of the need of just this weight of character. The lords of the king's households in all the historical plays would have been improved greatly by a judicious mixture of more solid age in the actors. Inasmuch as they are an important part of these plays, giving them the atmosphere they need for the accomplishment of their end as a national pageant, we suggest that this is a point that should have attention. Yet such criticisms really do not represent the interest the plays arouse and the pleasure they give. They are set in the framework of the Festival, and such small deficiencies fall away, as deficiencies should, in the harmony of the whole. Things that have not been known are impossible to realise, and therefore to speak of the attuning harmony of the Festival to those who have not been to Stratford will necessarily seem beside the point. In spite of that, however, it is just to say that no one can realise the full virtue of Shakespeare as an acting power who has not seen him portrayed at Festival times at Stratford. It is as near a reproduction of his own times as it is possible to have without turning aside to artificial imitations of them.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

WEDNESDAY, April 23, was not very interesting. More small private Bills were introduced, and then Lloyd George asked the permission of the House to guarantee a loan of £3,000,000 to irrigate the Soudan. People, as a rule, have very short memories, but I can recollect Lloyd George acting like a Mad Mullah a few years ago, denouncing the Unionists for conquering the people "rightly struggling to be free." What a volley of invective it used to be! We had no business in Egypt; when were we going to redeem our promise and clear out? And, in fact, he gave as much trouble as he possibly could.

Tempora mutantur! The Radicals want to hold Lancashire; Lancashire must have cotton; cotton can be grown in Egypt if there is water; so a Radical Chancellor swallowed his Free Trade principles and

urged Protection. We gladly let him have the money; it all makes for the consolidation of the Empire, and brings the day nearer when the Empire will be able to grow all she needs under the Union Jack.

In the evening we had another theatrical debate—the National Theatre this time. It being St. George's Day and Shakespeare's birth and death day, these facts were used as an argument in support of the resolution. It ought to be a national monument to the national poet. The Government, in the person of Ellis Griffith was not sympathetic. He pointed out rather cruelly that the committee had only succeeded in raising one-fifth of the sum required, after a very long time. Spencer Leigh Hughes wanted to have the controversy as to whether Bacon or Shakespeare wrote the plays cleared up first, and was really rather funny. Banbury wouldn't listen to the idea. To spend 195 millions a year was bad enough in all conscience without wasting money on things of this kind. Mackinder who led the debate, succeeded in getting the closure; but it was inoperative, owing to there not being a majority of 100, so the resolution was talked out.

On Thursday we had a dose of Herbert Samuel and the Post Office. I have a great opinion of Herbert Samuel's ability; he is painstaking, fond of detail, and has plenty of initiative. In the afternoon he gave us quite an interesting lecture on the progress of the Post Office, with all sorts of odd little details. He reminded the House that, if the G.P.O. had not earned five millions last year, Lloyd George would have been forced to put twopence on the income tax. He told us about the new parcels tunnel, and defended the telephone service from attacks on all sides. Walter Long was quite vehement and, stout friend of Agriculture as he always is, urged an improvement and a cheapening of the system whereby farmers could benefit.

At 8.15 we had the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Bill. Since this Government has been in power the business of Private Bills has dwindled tremendously, to the grief and loss of the Parliamentary Bar, Parliamentary Agents, Printers, Engineers, Contractors, and all kinds of people; labour as usual suffers most of all. People won't spend money on bills if there is no likelihood of them getting through, except under impossible conditions; why should they? So they wait for better (*i.e.*, Unionist) times.

The Labour Party this time alleged the company had not used their powers in the general interest; sometimes bills are opposed because the companies will not provide third-class sleepers. The debate dawdled on till 11, so poor Samuel was "continued in our next," and after showing he had done a really useful year's work was left in doubt whether little Goldman would succeed in knocking £200 off his salary as a protest against his management of the telephones or not.

Upstairs, Hilaire Belloc defied the Marconi Committee as Maxse had done, and declined to say what he had written in the *Eye* and *New Witness*, giving as a reason that it would damage Cecil Chesterton's defence in the coming trial. A more astounding witness was

Powell of the *Financial News*. He sat in the witness-box quite coolly whilst the Committee sat round and pumped rumours out of him—rumours of the most amazing kind. He did not say they were correct, but he gave names and dates, and seemed to suggest none of them would have arisen if Lloyd George and Isaacs had not touched Marconis. He went further and said he believed their names were deliberately used to boom the shares. He told stories of banks, and seemed to have scores more anecdotes if the Committee wanted them. Nothing else is talked of in the City and the House.

Strange to say William Pearce, the member for Limehouse, is one of the mildest spoken and most gentlemanly men in the House of Commons, and quite the most popular Radical member in London. He used to be a great cricketer and had his leg injured by a ball, which causes him to limp. Pearce is convinced that a lot of men are shut out from voting because the hours are not long enough, so he wanted 7 to 9 instead of 8 to 8. Somebody said some working men had to be at their work before 8 a.m. and didn't get home till past 8 p.m. Austen Chamberlain wanted to know in what trade these hours prevailed, but no answer seemed to be forthcoming. Of course Banbury was dead against. He jibed at the Labour men wanting polling clerks to work 14 hours a day. In passing, he amused the House by describing a Radical as a passive resister, who is a total abstainer, who marries his deceased wife's sister, and won't have his children vaccinated.

There was a question at one time that the debate would fall through and a far more dangerous Bill come on; so the Unionists had to use various devices to keep the debate going, which by a paradox included an unsuccessful count; but it all took time. They had one piece of luck in Black Rod coming in unexpectedly and summoning the House to the Lords to hear the Royal Assent given to various Bills. This took up another twenty minutes. There was no demand for the Bill, and it is a grossly partisan measure if taken alone and without redistribution; but the Unionists, as a whole, were shy of voting against it, so the second reading was carried.

On Monday we had a splendid battle royal over the land taxes. The subject is far too full of technicalities for me to give anything like an adequate account of the debate in a short summary. Pretymann chastised the Chancellor with whips of figures and scorpions of detailed instances. He protested against the demagogue Lloyd George preaching the insidious doctrine that one class of the community should get benefits at the cost of another. George was at once up on his feet to deny it; but Pretymann had an instance ready. "What about your Newcastle speech, in which you said: 'Is it not a splendid thing to choose the doctor you like and for somebody else to pay for it?'"

I used to look upon Masterman as a mild, good-tempered philanthropist with a benevolent manner; but lately he has quite changed. I suppose the wearing

work and the never-ending attacks have soured what was once a sunny temper. He bounded up and accused Pretymann of misquoting, and was called to order by the Chairman. The Chancellor, said Pretymann, now claimed to charge 4s. in the £ on a fortuitous windfall. Fortuitous windfalls are not the sole perquisite of those engaged in building, he said significantly. If it is permissible to make £1 into £2 in three days on the Stock Exchange, that is surely as much a gratuitous windfall as the profit made by a man in building houses. This biting reference to the Marconi scandal made the Unionists laugh and the Government scowl.

The Chancellor was very angry, and he invented an epitaph for Pretymann: "Here is the man who brought the land question into prominence, which destroyed Tariff Reform and overthrew the power of the House of Lords. R.I.P." It was not very witty or in good taste, but the Radicals were glad to roar at the sally.

Bonar Law carried on the contest. The Chancellor's estimates were always wrong; the increment duties had produced £220,000 at a cost of £1,393,000; and he compared him to the gentleman in "Gulliver's Travels" who spent his time extracting sunbeams from cucumbers. Chiozza Money, a candid friend, added the cold comfort that they need not expect any large revenue from land taxes while they punished severely the small owner. Wardle, the Labour man, belaboured him for continuing the taxes on food, so altogether it was not a pleasant evening for the Chancellor.

Tuesday.—The whole House loves Rowland Hunt, the Roman Catholic Shropshire squire, who is in the habit from time to time of blurting out truths in the most forcible manner.

Yesterday we again discussed the Budget resolutions and Mr. Hunt summed up the situation by saying: "What a lot of infernal humbugs you all are!" which naturally caused roars of laughter both from his friends and his enemies.

A rather pathetic incident occurred in the middle of Mr. Masterman's speech. He is, as I think I have told you before, a very clever literary man who has a style of much charm, and as Mr. Burns once said, has a heart of gold, but I don't think he is altogether quite fitted for the tremendous stress and strain of Parliamentary work. Yesterday he was called to order by the Chairman of Committees, and this afternoon he broke down in his peroration on Lloyd George's Budget.

It was an eloquent attempt, and the House cheered him as he struggled with it, Mr. Austen Chamberlain being particularly sympathetic. The gallery noticed his efforts, and clapped their hands loudly when he had finished, which is almost unprecedented in my memory.

Mr. Heinemann announces that he will publish Mr. John Masefield's poem "Dauber" on May 1. The book will in every way be uniform with the author's previous works.

Notes and News

The latest addition to the ranks of the London publishing houses is made by the firm of Max Goschen, Ltd., who have started business at 20, Great Russell Street, London, W.C., with the issue of Mr. Douglas Goldring's very successful volume "Streets."

Messrs. Harrap's more important spring announcements include seven new volumes in the "Poetry and Life" Series, edited by Professor W. H. Hudson; a new series of histories, entitled "Great Nations," the first of which, "Ancient Greece," by H. B. Cotterill, M.A., is now ready, at 7s. 6d. net; "In Feudal Times," by E. M. Tappan, Ph.D., fully illustrated, 5s. net; and a new enlarged edition of Professor Hudson's "Introduction to the Study of English Literature," at 4s. 6d. net.

We have received from Mr. Basil Anderton, M.A., city librarian of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, an admirably compiled catalogue of books concerning the Greek and Latin classics in the Central Public Libraries of Newcastle. Mr. Anderton and Mr. Turnbull, the assistant librarian, have worked together for some years in the preparation of this volume, and have received many fine illustrations. The result is bound to be of great use to all students, and the arrangement and indexing adopted render the references easy to find.

That the day of the colour-book is not yet past is evidenced by the fact that Messrs. A. and C. Black will shortly add another volume on Paris to their well-known series. The text is by Mr. Frankfort Somerville, who has written a vivacious account of the everyday activities, the people, and the peculiarities of the gay city. The illustrations, from water-colours by Lucien Gautier, Maurice de Lambert, M. Riom, and other French artists, present in an original fashion salient aspects of the city and the life of restaurant and boulevard.

Mr. Werner Laurie is just publishing "Inland Golf," by Edward Ray, the open champion, fully illustrated, at 5s. net. Ray is generally reckoned the least orthodox of the great players, and a feature of this book is his detailed explanation of the points in which his play differs from that of his brother professionals. The chapters on "The Secret of Long Driving" and "The Niblick," two matters in which his methods are as unusual as they are successful, will open up totally new ideas in the minds of most players. A series of "Straight Tips," collected from many famous golfers, is another feature of the book.

Mr. Haldane Macfall's name should be much before the reading public during the coming year. His "History of Painting" has been translated into Polish by Poland's greatest living poet, Jan Kasprowics, and we are informed that Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. are on the eve of republishing the novel, "The Wooings of Jezebel Pettyfer," which made Haldane Macfall's literary reputation. The Edinburgh fire which destroyed the plates of the novel in the full tide of its career has made it very difficult to procure a copy for some years. The demand for the book, which is the best known study of West Indian life, has probably been enhanced by the fact that the Panama Canal is

every day coming more into public notice. It will be republished almost immediately, and will be followed by "The Splendid Wayfaring" in volume form—the story now appearing as a serial in the *Art Chronicle*, with decorations by the author and Lovat Fraser, one of the most promising of the younger artists, and himself a writer.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON.

YUAN SHIH-KAI—PROTECTOR.

TO those people who imagined that with the inauguration of a Parliament in China would disappear for ever the benevolent autocracy which Yuan Shih-kai has exercised since the downfall of the Manchu dynasty, the events witnessed during the past few days will come as a rude surprise. There is little doubt that, had the fate of the international loan rested with the elected representatives of the provinces, the central Government and the Republic at large would have continued to remain in a state of financial thralldom. The President, however, has shown himself equal to an occasion of great crisis, and, as we firmly believe, by the sheer force of personal courage and ability has once again rescued his country from a position of national peril.

We do not intend to recapitulate the tortuous history of dreary negotiations, punctuated with repeated deadlocks, in connection with Republican finance throughout the past two years. For our present purpose it is only necessary to say that in the past failure in arriving at an agreement has been due not alone to international jealousies and separate policies where the Great Powers were concerned. Within China itself lay the chief hindrance to the speedy conclusion of a State transaction of first importance, the loan that was to enable its rulers to work for the ideal of national stability. For out of that Young China Party of militarists which ruthlessly decreed the abolition of the Monarchy has sprung into being a fervent band of politicians whose knowledge of statecraft stands in inverse ratio to their conception of patriotism. Nationalists in an extreme sense, they have all along bitterly resented the proffer of foreign assistance unless such assistance were divested of every measure of control. Briefly, they adopted the attitude of a headstrong youth who claims the unrestricted right to dispose of his inheritance before attaining his majority. It is true that in the early stages the conditions attaching to the proposed loan were to some extent irksome, and no nation retaining a particle of self-respect would in similar circumstances have consented to enjoy its benefits. But Yuan Shih-kai proved himself worthy of the high position he holds as trustee of the people. He was at once their champion and their guardian. Realising the urgency of providing the country's exchequer with a sufficiency of funds, and labouring continuously to this end under difficulties and dangers from which men of less robust

fibre would have shrunk, he yet sought to uphold the national honour and dignity. He has succeeded.

Many people will doubtless interpret the strong action of Yuan Shih-kai as tolling the death-knell of infant Republicanism in China. Indeed, the prophets of evil are already abroad. Telegraphing on Monday, the special correspondent of one of the few among London daily journals that make any attempt to record affairs in China gives melancholy utterance to the fear that a dreadful storm will burst all over China in consequence of "the acts of the last forty-eight hours," acts which he stigmatises as autocratic and subversive, such as the Manchus did not dare to attempt. Constitutionalism, it would seem, has been thrown in the dust and Parliamentary *régime* made a by-word. We share neither the pessimism of this announcement nor the idea, implicitly conveyed, that because China elected to cast her ancient garments and to clothe herself after the political fashion of the West she must necessarily choose a ready-made suit. The pedantry of the doctrinaire will not permit him to see that even when, in the long run, China has worked out her constitutional salvation, whether salvation lie in the direction of monarchical or of republican institutions, the actual form of government that will prevail is unlikely to resemble in minute particular the constitutions of the West. It may be, indeed, that in practice the citizen of some future Chinese Republic will enjoy a freedom undreamt of in the most advanced of Western democracies; or perhaps there may come some form of constitutional monarchy in which the liberty of the subject will be equally remarkable.

Many things are possible to such a people; and it is easier to avoid mistake in speculating as to its destiny than in prescribing for its present requirements. Certainly to expect that within two years China should have adopted a brand new constitution of Western pattern and have had it in smooth working order in every detail, is to assume the stage of maturity in one body co-existing with its embryonic stage.

Our confidence as to the final outcome of the constitutional movement in China is as firm as our belief that, whatever animosity may have been aroused in Nationalist circles by the strong action of Yuan Shih-kai, the present storm will be weathered. Here and there, in the South and perhaps in some of the provinces of the Yangtze, we shall hear of armed conflict with the authorities; but we refuse to believe in the dreadful storm that is to "burst all over China." For so gloomy a prospect there is no warrant. Only a foreshortened view can explain the existence in any man's mind of the fear of civil war on a grand scale. The circumstances of the present situation differ altogether from those which marked the revolt against the dynasty. In the latter instance the people had long been instructed in the belief that their unhappy lot was directly attributable to the tyranny of their rulers, and, in consequence, agitation worked among prepared material. They were taught that the alien race was their natural enemy, and so in time their battle cry

became "Death to the Manchus." It will not be an easy matter when after only two short years, fire and sword have swept the land, to persuade the simple masses that on this occasion they must forsake their peaceful pursuits to rise and exterminate the Chinese *régime* which succeeded the hated dynasty. And here it will be instructive to inquire into the real cause of dissension as it exists to-day. The Manchu rulers, during the long period in which their administration came under the observation of the West, undoubtedly sacrificed the true interests of their subjects. Misgovernment arose through apathy as well as arrogance. No sane man, however, would accuse Yuan Shih-kai of being the enemy of the people. His conduct is sometimes held up as an example of arrogance in a personal sense; but he has to his credit a long career of service devoted, in the final analysis, to the welfare of the people from whom he has sprung. The quarrel, then, has no foundation in a national sense. It is the outcome of purely political rivalry, a rivalry engendered among the more ardent spirits of Young China by the fear that the masterful efficiency of this great man, aided by his chosen henchmen, will snatch from their grasp that power which they had hoped for as the sweets of victory in the dynastic struggle. Now that the President has succeeded in obtaining what these patriots, in their present temper, would never have succeeded in obtaining for China, namely, a sufficient sum of money for the establishment of a strong Government, the ground has been cut from under their feet. They may rave, they may even make some mischief; but so long as Yuan Shih-kai escapes the thrust of the assassin they will not be able to override the will of the one man who to-day is capable of safeguarding the true interests of the Chinese Republic.

MOTORING

LAST week, Mr. C. H. Dodd, vice-chairman, and Mr. Francis Wilde, assistant secretary of the Automobile Association, gave evidence before the Select Committee on Motor Traffic, which is making an exhaustive effort to find some remedy for the almost impossible state of affairs existing at present in the streets of the metropolis. For many months the officials of the Association have been engaged in observing the working of all forms of traffic in London, noting the speeds of vehicles of every description, investigating the causes of accidents, etc., and the result of their work is embodied in a very voluminous document containing a mass of statistics which must prove of great value to the committee of inquiry. The main recommendations put forward by the Association's representatives were the constitution of a special Traffic Board for London, the need for additional powers to deal with obstruction by stationary vehicles, the desirability of restricting certain types of warning devices to particular classes of vehicles, the provision of mirrors on covered vans, the

necessity for encouraging the use of subways by pedestrians, the need for some uniform system of road signals, and the rearrangement of tramcar and motor-omnibus stopping-places, etc. All these suggestions are doubtless good, and calculated to reduce the number of accidents in the streets; but at best they are but palliatives of a condition of affairs which must necessarily become worse and worse. It is universally agreed that the real trouble is the intermingling of slow and fast traffic, and there is no doubt that the remedy, which must come sooner or later, will be found in the absolute prohibition of horse-drawn traffic.

From time to time in the past the motoring community has been either interested, startled, or amused by announcements of inventions or discoveries which, if they did but accomplish what was confidently claimed for them, would completely revolutionise the motor industry and the conditions under which the pastime of motoring is at present pursued. But the biggest demand ever made upon its credulity is surely conveyed in a statement, apparently put forward in all seriousness, by the motor correspondent of a respectable contemporary. It is to the effect that some genius has evolved and patented a "spring-work" system which will enable a car to run for 500 hours without the use of any petrol, oil, or electricity. To cover this distance, one winding up of the mechanism—a process occupying ten minutes only—is all that is necessary. Other incidental advantages attending the use of this marvellous spring are that the elimination of the engine, gear-box, and all the usual items that go to make up the conventional chassis, reduces the weight of the car by nearly one half, and thus renders the wear and tear of the tyres, etc., a comparatively negligible quantity, besides bringing down the initial cost to a figure well within the scope of the humblest purse. The principle upon which the power is produced is, according to the authority referred to, the "nearest approach to the long-expected perpetual motion that has yet been evolved, and if subsequent tests prove it as good in practice as it is in theory, its future is assured."

The device consists of a "main" or "reserve" spring, which is wound up fully at the factory when the car is made, and the same applies to a second spring which intermeshes with the driving wheel and the "main spring." A third wheel is wound up by the second as the latter unwinds. Thus when wheel number two is unwound, wheel number three is wound up, and while wheel number three is providing the propelling power it is simultaneously winding up wheel number two, the "main spring" acting as a kind of reserve. Although no model of this remarkable device is to be seen in England as yet, a certain foreign Government has offered to buy the rights for that country alone for the sum of £85,000 "as soon as the working models are ready"; and everybody will agree with the ingenuous remark of the correspondent in question to the effect that, "if the inventor can justify his claims, there is no doubt that motoring will be revolutionised and come within the reach of practically everyone."

The popularity of the Sheffield-Simplex car is appa-

rently not confined to this country. According to the *Autocar*, so many inquiries have come to hand from Canadian agents desirous of representing the Sheffield-Simplex Company in the Dominion, that Mr. Warwick Wright is making a personal visit to Canada for the purpose of establishing agencies for the sale of the car in different parts of the country. There is certainly a big field in Canada for the best makes of British cars, however much the Americans may monopolise the cheaper market.

In view of the notable extent to which Palmer tyres have figured in record-breaking performances at Brooklands, it is interesting to note that both Hornsted and Christiaens have decided to use Palmers on the Excelsior cars they have been selected to drive in the forthcoming race for the Grand Prix.

R. B. H.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

ALTHOUGH the Stock Exchange as a body have utterly refused to believe that the war in the Balkans would lead to European complications, the public has never been of that opinion. Consequently we have seen a persistent attempt on the part of professional "bulls" to mark up prices, and an equal persistence on the part of the public to refuse to take advantage of the supposed boom. I believe the public to be right. Why should anyone take risks? A reasonable interest can be earned on money put into banks. It is safe. It does not depreciate. But the same money invested in any share must lose in capital value a great deal more than it gains in interest. This is self evident, because, taken all round, values on the Stock Exchange are quite high enough. There is no room for appreciation except in one or two markets that have fallen out of fashion.

Austria has now declared that she intends to handle the Near Eastern question in her own way. I am afraid that this means war. I cannot see how Russia can sit still and watch Austria demolish the Slav countries, of which she has been the protector for so many years. If the prestige of Austria depends upon her establishing an Albanian kingdom against the wishes of Servia, then surely the prestige of Russia is equally damaged by the action of Austria. The Stock Exchange thinks the whole game a bluff. But very few Stock Exchange men know the Near East or realise how little the Slav cares for life and property compared with ideas. The Slavs are not a practical race like the Germans. They are not filled with a sense of the sanctity of human life. No semi-barbarian race is. Death is not horrible—merely an incident.

We have lived in peace for forty years, and we cannot realise what war is or how strong is the fighting spirit in the Near East.

The new issues simply have not gone at all. None of them, if we except Shroeder's San Paulo loan, has attracted any money worth speaking of. They have one and all been absolute failures. Give the public a clear five per

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cent. on first-class security with a reasonable chance that there will be no depreciation, and they will apply. But they will not touch $4\frac{1}{2}$ or 4 per cent. loans at all. The big Brazilian Loan is hardly likely to be a success, though every effort will be made to make it go. Personally, I advise all my readers to keep their money in their pockets till the political horizon has cleared.

The Bank of England reduced its rate because the lenders of money undercut the Bank and forced it to drop to $4\frac{1}{2}$ or lose control. But neither the Bank of France nor the Reichsbank reduced. This was a distinct snub to our own Bank. I see no chance of any reduction.

The Marconi Committee looks as though it had committed suicide through its ineptitude. The *Stockbroker* now calls upon shareholders in the Marconi company, and also on those who have lost money in American Marconis to send in their names with a view to the formation of a committee, and the placing of their case before counsel. Clearly shareholders in English Marconis are entitled to know the exact terms under which Mr. Godfrey Isaacs made his famous deal. Some large shareholders think that the directors acted *ultra vires*, and that all the profits made by the syndicate who handled American Marconis should go to the credit of the English concern. This may be an extreme view to take. But many people bought English Marconi shares because they were told that they would get an allotment of Americans. This was sworn to by Eves, the Dublin broker. Instead they were charged from 65s. to 80s. for shares which now stand at 22s. 6d. There is a case for inquiry. With regard to the American Marconi, I think there is little doubt that those who bought on the tip have a good chance of getting their money back. I am sure that those who paid from 65s. to 80s. for shares from stockbrokers, who got shares at from 25s. to 35s., can get back a portion of their losses. Such brokers as did not distinctly state on their contracts that they were selling their own shares must refund at least a proportion. I advise all who have made losses at least to write to the *Stockbroker* and place their case on record. They cannot lose anything by this and they may gain something.

The FOREIGN MARKET cannot stand up against successive shocks and I do not think holders of International securities can feel very happy, for if Austria goes to war we shall see a big slump. Prices have been maintained by the Banks who have been financing the Balkan States, but they will hardly continue to keep up the quotations—especially if there is any rush of selling orders. None of the loans now being hung up can be floated. The Banks will not do badly, for they will continue to lend from month to month on very exorbitant terms. The only trouble will be the supply of cash. When floating debts are funded they can be gradually disposed of to the outside public and the cash thus obtained is re-lent. But the Treasury Bills held by banks are not public negotiable securities and can only be passed from bank to bank. I often wonder why markets are not made in "floaters." In Wall Street many Bond Houses make a speciality of Railway Notes which are regularly quoted and dealt in. They are very good securities, giving a high yield, and they rank after Bond issues. Why should not the public buy and sell Italian or Austrian Treasury Bills? They can be purchased to yield at least five per cent. The only trouble is that they want careful watching.

HOME RAILS are not as depressed as the rest of the Stock Exchange for the public realises at last that not only is trade good, but that it will continue good probably for the whole of the present year. The companies can and will raise rates to recoup themselves for the higher cost of wages, materials, and insurance charges.

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THE IDEAL FOOD DRINK FOR
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DELICIOUS, NOURISHING AND REFRESHING.

The wholesome nutrition of pure rich milk and choice malted grain supplying strength and vigour, with little tax on digestion.

Requires no cooking.

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An efficient corrective of insomnia, taken hot before retiring.

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The rise in all passenger rates which took place last year did not do much good, but the raising of goods rates should show large improvements in earnings. I think that the current half-year will be one of the best in the history of English railways, not only as regards traffic receipts but also as regards net profits, which is much more important. The best things to buy are North British and Caledonian Deferred, Midland Deferred and Great Northern Deferred. These are the good speculative counters. For those who do not gamble but take up and pay for their stock, Lancashire and Yorkshire and Great Western and Great Eastern are the soundest purchases. The dividends on all are certain to be raised, and the yield to an investor at to-day's prices is a full five per cent.

YANKES are much influenced by Continental finance. The German banks have always been large buyers of common stock, and their clients have made big money out of Canadian Pacific, Union and Atchison and the rest of the active stocks of Wall Street. But to-day the German banker is not in the market. His client is afraid and the banker has no money. He cannot finance a "bull" campaign. Thus Wall Street is deprived of its largest customer. No wonder prices are very depressed. But that is the moment to buy. Trade is not good: on the other hand it is not bad. Harvests look like being good, and good harvests make the fortune of the railroads, though luckily they are not so dependent upon grain crops as they were years ago. I daresay we shall see a further fall in Rails, but I am not for that reason inclined to be bearish. I should buy good stocks in each fall. Chesapeake and Baltimore and Ohio have suffered through the floods, but not so much as people imagine. Chicago and Milwaukee should be bought, and so should Unions and Atchisons.

RUBBER is a shade harder since I last wrote but the sales are not going well. The various reports are only moderately good. On the whole the dividends have been kept up better than anyone expected. Grand Central, a very much over-capitalised business, is over-valued on the future prospects, but the working costs are low. I see no cheap shares and I see no chance of any big rise though I do not think that we can get a much bigger fall, for the whole market is full of "bears."

OIL.—Eagles are being talked up. Why I do not know, as the company can do no good till it gets its transport. The Pacific report was very bad and showed us that California was producing more oil than she could sell.

MINES cannot stand up against the Continental selling. Kaffirs are dull, and Brakpans have been heavily sold by insiders on the news that the roof has fallen in, in one or two places. This mine is a long flat roof and is worked like a coal mine. I think that the price will shortly recover, though the quotation may go a little lower before the reaction comes. The Eldorado people have not yet told us the whole truth about the collapse of the stopes and the damage to the shafts. News is kept back in a very disgraceful fashion. No one should hold shares in this mine.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Royal Mail report was excellent and showed a huge increase in profits—which is wisely placed to reserve. The Elder, Dempster Company in the same group has also followed the example of Royal Mail and strengthened its reserve. The Philipps people are careful financiers, and they see that shipping has reached the top. Callenders' report shows good results. All these cable supply companies have done well and will do much better. The Indo-European Telegraph tell us of a prosperous year and also of how they have acquired the Galletti Wireless and spent £32,000 in experiments. I hear well of this system. RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

BACON AND SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—When, some weeks ago, I ventured, in a letter under the above title, to protest against the arrogance of "Shakespearian" writers generally in imputing ignorance to Baconians (*quâ* Baconians), while at the same time guilty of gross error themselves, giving instances in three cases from three several letters in the same number of THE ACADEMY of the truth of my accusation, I little thought that I should have to trespass on your space and kindness again on the same subject, for, so palpable were those errors, that the thought in my mind was that their perpetrators, even if inaccurate enough to make them, would be wise enough to consider with themselves that the least said about them the better.

But, as it now appears, I am mistaken, and one of them, writing under a signature which almost disarms criticism (for who does not reverence dear old "Humphry Clinker"?) objects to my criticism of his Latinity, and still will have it that "*ea omnia in Latinam linguam traducta*" does not mean what I said it did, viz., "all these (meaning the philosophical and scientific works) translated into Latin," and that "any schoolboy could have told me so."

Well, that being so, there is, I think, no more to be said. It is not my place to instruct your correspondent in Latin. I can only appeal to your readers, or (happy thought!) ask "H. C." to produce *some* "schoolboy" (I care not whence he hails, so it be not from the renowned College of Poona) and let him argue out the point with me in the presence of his schoolmaster and any other competent referees, and, on the verdict being against my reading of the Fulgentio letter, I will willingly bare my back to the Lictors for the "forty stripes save one," which, doubtless, the judges will not consider too many for such an exhibition of ignorance, on condition, of course, that, sentence going the other way, he ("H. C.") (not his hapless nominee—the poor schoolboy—of course) will take my place at the whipping-block.

Than this, I think, nothing could be fairer; and if, on

the result of this notable single combat, that of the great Baco-Shaxsperean war now raging could be made by mutual agreement to depend, what a relief to the world and a blessing to mankind would ensue! And what an interest it would add to the proposed National Memorial to "Shakespeare," and what an impetus it might give to the completion of that stagnant proposal, if the verdict in the case I have been proposing should decide whose figure should be placed on the top or front of that much-talked of, but as yet inchoate, monument—that, namely, of the man of Stratford with his malt-sack, or that of the "broad-browed Verulam," the Philosopher of St. Albans!

But, jesting aside—though, as Horace asks, "*ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?*"—how, I would ask, has your correspondent improved his case by his attempt to justify what I still venture to call a "palpable error"? In my opinion, not at all. On the contrary, he has only succeeded, in my estimation, in making matters worse—a result of which he himself seems conscious by the evident haste with which he drops the subject. For, after a flat contradiction of my charge, with no attempt to refute it, and after one more hasty statement, which I venture to say is absolutely incorrect, about the phrases "*traducta dividere*" and "*traducere dividere*" (which are *not* always identical), he goes on to the subject of "iambic hexameters," and of these he proceeds to say that what Sir E. Durning-Laurence means (though how he can know that he does not say) are not "iambic hexameters" at all (though, unlike the Professor of Poona, he does not deny the existence of such things), but "hexametric iambs," which he defines as "iambs of six measures or feet"! Now, as I have always been taught (though doubtless wrongly) that an "iambus" was a measure of two feet (one short, one long), a "hexametric iambic" can only be, according to my calculation, six ordinary "iambs" strung together to form one versicular unit—a duodecimpedal monster I confess I never encountered, but of which I should much like to have a specimen, if only to frighten that "schoolboy" when he comes to teach me my Latin Grammar.

But there seems, indeed, no end of the funny things your happily named correspondent has to tell us unenlightened Baconians on the subject of Latin diction—its terms for plays and the like. But it is evident, I think, that he does not much rely upon their utility from an argumentative point of view, for "after all," he concludes by saying, "what does it matter? Had not the author of the plays small Latin and less Greek?" falling back, "after all," as a dernier resort, on the famous Jonsonian tag, unable, or unwilling, to see the Jonsonian tongue in the Jonsonian cheek when he said this and other grim drolleries; and forgetful of the fact, proved over and over again by eminent Shakespearians as well as by less gifted, but very painstaking, Baconians, that the "author of the plays," so far from having little Latin and less Greek, had an ample supply of both, so ample, indeed, as to enrich the English language with thousands of words, most of them derived from classical resources, a fact in itself sufficient to show that the "Author of the Plays" could not be the Player of Stratford. Whether, at the same time, it shows that the "author of the plays" was Francis Bacon is another question. Francis Bacon, however, did know something of Latin, and would not, I submit, have applied the word "*traducta*" to works not "already translated" into Latin; nor would he, I think, have called an "iambic hexameter" a "hexametric iambus." So, at least, thinks, sir, yours faithfully,

JOHN HUTCHINSON.

Dullatur House, Hereford.

P.S.—Writing away from books, I have not seen Spedding's translation of the Fulgentio letter, but if, as your

correspondent says, it agrees with his in the above passage, then I have no hesitation in saying that both he and your correspondent are wrong, and my challenge, as above, holds good.

Perhaps I may also be allowed to add to this P.S. by saying that "Tom Jones," in his last letter does not attempt to deny the "palpable error" I imputed to him, but, after the Shaxperian manner, merely tries to explain it away, entangling himself in a perfect net-work of fallacies, exploded over and over again, more especially in Mr. George Greenwood's masterly "Statement of the Shakespeare Case," and there I beg to leave him. If, in that position, he would like to have a copy of Mr. G.'s book, I would gladly send him one.—J. H.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—One more point may be urged against the Baconian fable. Milton, who was eight years old when Shakespeare died, and was a younger contemporary of Bacon's, had heard nothing about the story. He knew all the literary people of the day, and the obvious inference to be drawn from this, as from a thousand kindred instances, is that there was no such story current until Delia Bacon, in a fit of incipient lunacy, invented it. *Delia Bacon died in a madhouse.*

Again, Milton had no illusions about the author of the plays being a *learned* man. Milton was too good a scholar for that. Hence he talks of how

Sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's Child,
Warbles his native woodnotes wild.

Of course the plays are not the work of a scholar. They are the work of a genius, which explains everything.

For a parallel we have only to look at Keats, who knew as little of the classics as Shakespeare, and yet writes as purely in the Greek mood as Matthew Arnold!

The latest theory of the Baconians is that Bacon wrote the "Essay on Man"—in a reincarnation, I suppose. This is really too funny. The reference to Bacon as the "meanest" of mankind is explained by these pundits as meaning "humblest"! This is almost as delicious as the Durning-Lawrence theory, that "out-do" means "do out." And of course this renders the passage meaningless, as Bacon and Gripus (Malborough) are classed together as types of avaricious (not *humble*) people. I am, etc.,

Poona, March 25th.

H. G. RAWLINSON.

"SOME BACONIAN BLUNDERS."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Under this heading Professor Rawlinson waxes merry, dragging some more fresh (?) herrings over the trail, and neglecting the real points at issue between us.

He describes my use of the word "deducts" for "deduces" as "pitiful." What I wrote was "deduces." But what about "deducts"? The "New English Dictionary" under "Deduct" gives as one of its numerous meanings, "To derive by reasoning, infer, deduce," giving an example of such a usage so late as the year 1889. A similar definition is given in the "Standard Dictionary." I hold no brief for Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, who is quite able to look after himself even against such a Latin "expert" as Professor Rawlinson, but I suspect that "quarta tabula" is a printer's (not a Baconian's) "blunder" for "quadrata tabula," and as for his expression "iambic hexameters" my friend Mr. Hutchinson of Hereford writes that Facciolati (whom Professor Rawlinson may have heard of as a Latin scholar) says that an "iambic hexameter" means "a hexameter where the last measure is an iambus instead of a spondee."

As to Bacon's neglect of "lyric poetry," I showed that

the omission in "The Advancement of Learning" was of purpose—not that it was "not worth mentioning," but that, as he added in the Latin translation (*De Aug.*, Bk. 6), "it is not pertinent for the present." Nor was it. But elsewhere, as Mr. Smedley showed in his admirable letter, Bacon spoke with enthusiasm on all kinds of "Poesy," including "satires, elegies, epigrams, odes, et hujus modi," the "hujus modi" no doubt covering sonnets and lyrics.

Professor Rawlinson totally ignores my long proof that Bacon and Shakespeare were in entire agreement on the subject of Love. Why?

Then he says, "Not a single Professor of Literature in the universities of the United Kingdom is a Baconian." Well, a friend of my own, a distinguished Professor of English Literature in one of the Universities of the United Kingdom—a much more distinguished Professor than Professor Rawlinson of the Deccan College, Poona—a professor who has written much on Shakespeare, is a "concealed" though not a "professed" Baconian.

Then we are informed by Professor Rawlinson that Bacon could not have perpetrated the classical anachronisms, etc., shown in the plays. Some years ago I showed in "Notes and Queries" (9th series, Vols. 11 and 12), that Bacon's works were full of similar blunders, especially in the "Apophthegms." Lord Byron instanced a large number of these classical blunders, for which, he said, "a schoolboy would be whipped (if still in the fourth form)."

"Finally," the Professor maintains that "any classical scholar who knows his Shakespeare will see at a glance that the writer, unlike Marlowe or Ben Jonson, knew 'little Latin and less Greek.'"

This is a resuscitation of the old statement of the critic Dennis that "He who allows Shakespeare had learning, and a learning with the ancients, ought to be looked upon as a

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detractor from the glory of Great Britain." This supposed lack of classical knowledge on the part of the writer of the plays has been effectively knocked on the head by the Shakespearean scholar, the late Professor Churton Collins, who wrote:—"What has been demonstrated is that Shakespeare could read Latin, that in the Latin original he most certainly read Plautus, Ovid, and Seneca"; and again, "With some at least of the principal Latin authors he was intimately acquainted, . . . and of the Greek classics in the Latin versions he had a remarkably extensive knowledge." Professor Churton Collins showed that the writer of the plays borrowed right and left from Sophocles and Euripides, of whose plays there were no English translations at the time. In an article in the *Nineteenth Century* the Rev. R. S. Laffan proved that the play-writer was also intimately acquainted with Æschylus. Sir Sidney Lee declares that "such coincidences as have been detected between expressions in Greek plays and in Shakespeare seem due to accident," and that they are "no more than curious accidents—proofs of consanguinity of spirit." This Professor Churton Collins directly and successfully controverted. He said such a contention "is, of course, quite within the bounds of possibility," but that "it is not with possibilities, but with probabilities that investigators of this kind are concerned."

Ben Jonson's verdict—if he did not mean it as a joke—needs some revision. No doubt the Latin and Greek knowledge displayed in the plays may have appeared "small" to so profound a classical scholar as "Rare Old Ben," who, according to Rawley, Bacon's chaplain, was one of Bacon's "good pens" employed by Bacon to translate the "Advancement" and other philosophical works into Latin.

Ben's dictum may have applied to "the man of Stratford," but not to the writer of the Shakespeare plays.

It is well known that Bacon was no profound Latinist. He confesses as much in one of his letters; and John Chamberlain, the great letter-writer of the time, wrote: "I come even now from reading a short discourse of Queen Elizabeth's life, written in Latin by Sir Francis Bacon. . . . I do not warrant that his Latin will abide test or touch." The *Promus* notes in Latin are also full of inaccuracies. So that the small Latin—if it is small—exhibited in the plays can be readily accounted for even if they were the work of Bacon. I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

GEORGE STRONACH.

7, Warrender Park Crescent, Edinburgh.

LE PERE COROT.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In your notice (April 12) of the "John Balli" Collection, your contributor makes some extremely pleasing and acceptable remarks upon the Corots and also upon Corot himself, but, at the same time, is he quite truthful?

I give way to no one in my admiration and love, which stops only "on this side of idolatry," for le Père Corot. He is my hero among painters. Yet at the same time, I do not like to see a misstatement once again repeated in reference to his career—"his years of struggle."

Now there are many amongst us (I am myself a modest artist—or rather student) who long with all the intensity of our being to paint that poetry which we feel within us. What is our fate? In order to procure bare necessities of existence we are compelled to subdue our poetry and prostitute our art to the making of "saleable" pictures. Was this the fate of Corot? O happy man! who sang all day at his painting—no, emphatically no! He, as everyone knows, was allowed 1,500 francs per annum by his father. This, surely, was ample for an artist who loved his work.

Instead of the first part of his career, as is so frequently and erroneously stated, being full of difficulty, "of years of struggle," it was a time of happy and joyous work. Why, it was ideal! "Soup and shoon," paints and materials thus provided for, what more should any artist-poet want to be happy as the skylark and as joyous as the thrush? It is, of course, true that his work was neglected for many years; but did he, or would any true artist, wail over this?

No, Corot was a great artist poet-painter; but it so happens he did not have to go through these years of privation—so dear (in the third person) to the romantic miss. He himself, one feels sure, would be the first to deny it.

And O, Père Corot, the fact that thou didst not have to humiliate thyself before the wooden face of some owner of great wealth, but of art feeling none, in no way dims or belittles the grandeur of thy work and life! Yours faithfully,

C. R. M.

Cadoby, Lincs.

A QUERY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Can any of your readers tell me whether there are any male descendants in the male line of Richard Brinsley Sheridan living?

LADY TEAZLE.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

Garden Work: A Book for Garden Lovers. By William Good, F.R.H.S. Illustrated. (Blackie and Son. 5s. net.)

In the Garden of Childhood: An Anthology in Prose and Verse for All Child-lovers. By Edith Ivor-Parry. With a Foreword by Katharine Tynan. (George Routledge and Sons. 2s. 6d. net.)

Shakspeare as Pan-Judge of the World. By Charles Downing ("Clelia"). (Shakespeare Press, Stratford-on-Avon. 2s. net.)

La Femme dans le Théâtre d'Ibsen. By Fr. Boettcher. (Félix Alcan, Paris. 4 frs.)

New Comedies. By Lady Gregory. With Portrait. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5s. net.)

My Robin. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1s. net.)

Portuguese Political Prisoners: A British National Protest. (L. Upcott Gill and Son. 3d.)

The Mulberry Tree. By Winifred James. Illustrated. (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)

A Londoner's London. By Wilfred Whitten ("John o' London"). Illustrated by Frank L. Emanuel. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

The Son of a Servant. By August Strindberg. Translated by Claud Field. With an Introduction by Henry Vacher-Burch and a Portrait Frontispiece. (Wm. Rider and Son. 3s. 6d. net.)

PERIODICALS.

Bookseller; Literary Digest, N.Y.; Cambridge Magazine; Museum of Fine Arts Bulletin, Boston, U.S.A.; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Publishers' Circular; The Collegian, Calcutta; Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly; Hindustan Review, Allahabad; Revue Bleue; Fortnightly Review; St. Nicholas; The Anti-quary; Nineteenth Century and After; Church Quarterly Review; Cornhill Magazine; Windsor Magazine.



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